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Above Average American

Americans—the bleary-eyed, ink-stained, picture-drawing, story-telling kind—are a source of disagreement among both *HM*'s staff and its readers. "Where are the American comics artists?" some zealous patriots cry. "Aw, c'mon," others of a less chauvinistic bent retort. "Who can even begin to touch what these French artists are doing...and the Spanish...and the Italians ...and the Belgians...and...?"

Two facts are irrefutable: the average American cartoonist would not be able to get a job with *Metal Hurlant* or *Pilote* or *Linus* or any of a plethora of European comics magazines because of his lack of imagination and his inability to break loose from rigid artistic formula; the average European artist would not be able to get a job with any of the American comics companies because of his lack of discipline and his inability to channel his amazingly unconstrained energies into creating something of substance.

And those who are *above* average? Well, you'll find a lot of them right here in *Heavy Metal*. There's the Frenchman Jean Giraud, who drew the most apple-pie-American western comics you've ever laid eyes on before being transformed into the otherworldly Moebius and giving the world "Arzach" and "The Airtight Garage"...not to mention the "Incal" stories.

There's the American Richard Corben, a force too uncontrollable for the underground comics that spawned him, who now spends his waking hours splashing a rainbow of colors over the minds of millions of readers in a dozen different countries by way of "Den II."

And there's Mike Kaluta... in this very issue.

Michael Wm. Kaluta has been around for a while, and he's drawn just about every type of comics feature. He was one-quarter of the legendary Studio, sharing that space and time with Berni Wrightson, Jeff Jones, and Barry Smith. He did the finely detailed, highly atmospheric art for the short-lived *Shadow* book in the mid-seventies. When Kaluta drew the crazed Shadow skulking through some dark alley, you just knew that somehow you'd been whisked through time to an impossible 1930s world where there was no day or night... only eternal twilight. It was his best comics work...until now.

Now Mike Kaluta has presented us with "Starstruck," the first episode of which starts on page 12. It's whimsical and wild and wonderful...and very reminiscent of an equally delightful play called...*Starstruck*. Kaluta created the sets and costumes for that charming entertainment, teaming with author/actors Elaine and Norfleet Lee and Dale Place to kid the pants off those wondrous old space operas...in a kind and gentle way. They're back now—on the printed page this time—to do it all over again.

> "Who can even begin to touch what these French artists are doing?"

More far-above-average American ink-tossing can be found on page 53 as Gray Morrow (with some help from Jack C. Harris) inaugurates a non-series series called "June 2050." Each issue, this nifty little page will give us an opportunity to look over a different American artist's shoulder and see what's on the drawing board when these talented people ponder the puzzles of life as it will be in a mere sixty-eight years. You'll never know who's going to turn up drawing and/or writing this feature...until the issue hits the stands and you can see it with your own eyes.

Rest assured, though...all these artists will be well above average. But then, aren't we all?

—John Workman

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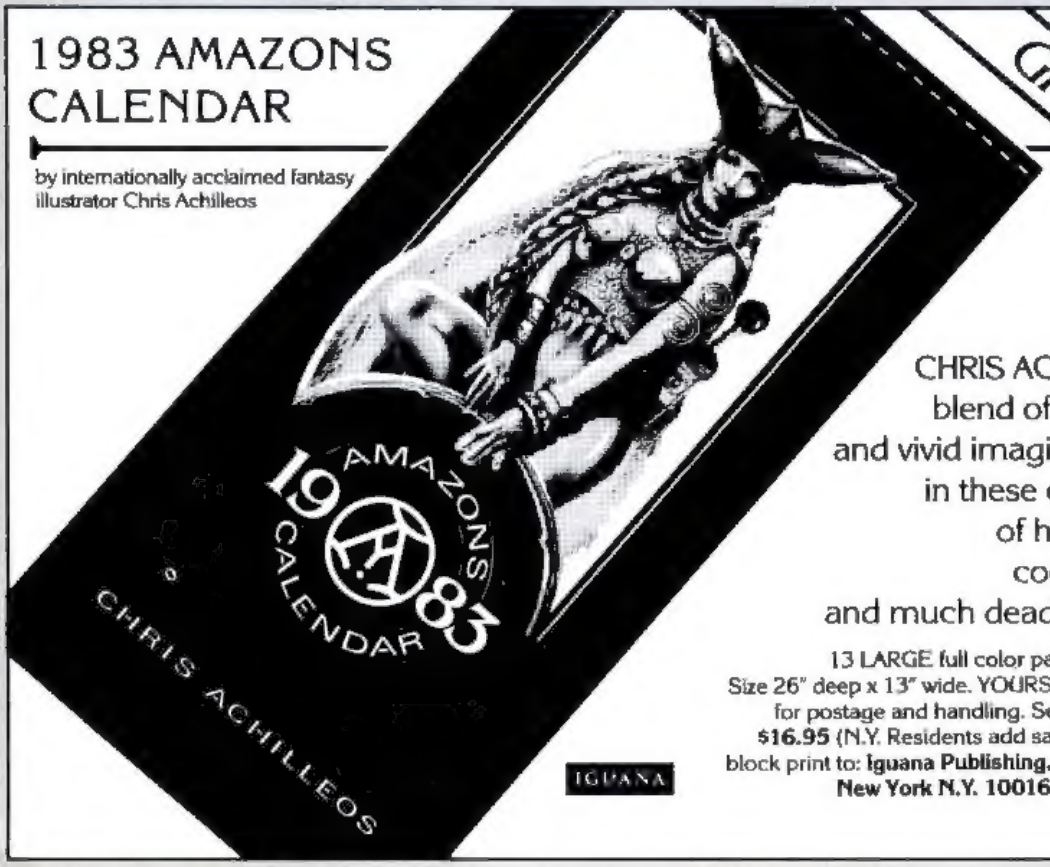
by internationally acclaimed fantasy illustrator Chris Achilleos



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DOSSIER

NUVINYL

Thoughts While Dancing...

A lamely dancing human has *got* to be one of the world's funniest sights—especially those earnestly twitching exhibitionists of the Caucasian persuasion, who yield a heftier ho-ho harvest than a Victor Mature film festival. With few exceptions, people rarely look comfortable, natural, or at ease while moving their bodies to a rhythm, not only because they don't seem to be really *hearing* the rhythm (too busy concentrating on their moves), but because the moves they're executing are, for the most part, learned ones. Like clothes worn in blind obedience to fashion, dancing styles are widely imitated without any real feeling for where the things come from or why, and without a thought as to whether the dances are physically communicative of the dancer's own body or personality. They aren't dancing to say something about themselves or the music, they're doing it for display, and so the movement reflects nothing more about them than a lack of original thought.

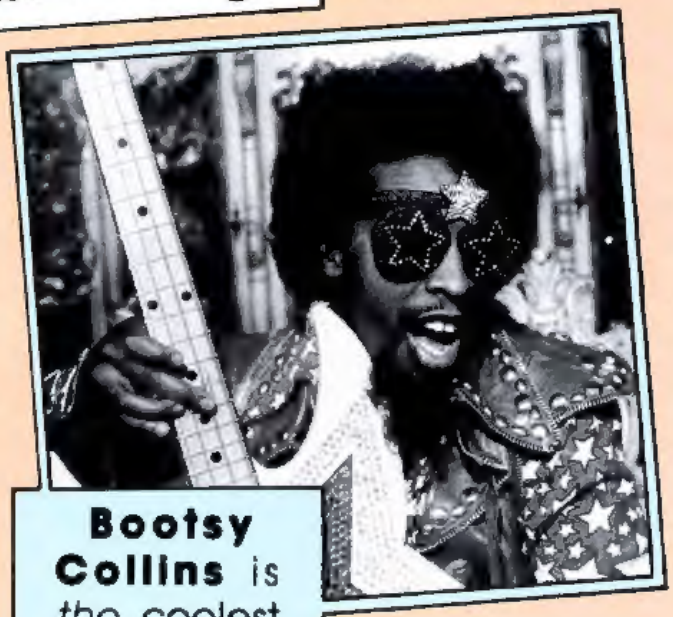
The same can be said of dance music. Powerful body rhythms are reproduced without regard for the music's meaning or substance—all that matters is the steady (heart)beat and the music's physical *appearance* (how it sounds blasting through the club PA). That's always been my problem with the disco beat: imprisoned by an associative context of mindless self-obsession and bourgeois hedonism, it sounds more deadening than stimulating. What's this stuff about? Dancing. Occasionally, the focus is extended to partying, drugging, fucking (all of which are often interchangeable metaphors for each other), but the essential vacuity remains. Recent black American violators: ***Zapp II*** (Warner Bros.) and ***Mighty Fire*** (Elektra), both of which tested my intestinal fortitude. Recent white British violators: **Haircut One Hundred**'s *Pelican West* (Arista) and **The Thompson Twins**' *In the Name of Love* (Arista), the former of which is far more offensive than the latter (Haircut are the excruciatingly *white* modern equivalents to Pat Boone, while the TTs at least have *some* gut feel for the rhythm).

Judging by street-box popularity quotient, **Grandmaster Flash**'s "The Message" (Sugarhill) has been this summer's hottest single in NYC. It's not a bad number, though overlong, a bit dirge-like and hammer-locked by a stream of spoke-sung lyrics expressing the Master's disgust with the quality of urban life. Is "The Message" the first black disco tune made for *listening*? Certainly seems that way; both me and a good half of the Ritz dance floor recently gave up midway through the thing to just follow the rhythmic monologue. I'd be willing to wager Flash's been checking out such Brit dance bands as **New Order** (I'm now liking "Hurt," the B-side of their Factory single I put down last month), and **Gang of Four** (whose "I Love a Man in Uniform" from their *Songs of the Free* Warner LP was this spring's most affecting dance number). I'd also recommend fraternizing with **Simple Minds**' "Promised You a Miracle" (Virgin import), **Heaven 17**'s "At the Height of the Fighting" (Virgin import), **Yazoo**'s Human-Leagueish "Don't Go" (Mute import) and "Situation" (Sire), **The Ministry**'s "Cold Life" (Wax Tracks), **Fingerprintz**'s captivating *Beat Noir* (Stiff America), and even (gasp!) **Soft Cell**'s not-bad new EP *Non-Stop Ecstatic Dancing* (Sire—though I still wish Marc Almond would learn to sing). I mean, they've all stolen from him, so why not return the favor?

I started paying (minimal) attention to disco in 1977, after a hardcore addiction to Kraftwerk's *Trans-Europe Express* LP and Donna Summer/Giorgio Moroder's "I Feel Love" set in. The trance-inducing power of these records lies in their inelastic, *square* rhythmic pattern (move over Steve Reich), an inflexibility which also renders disco essentially unsuitable as dance music—the possibilities of polyrhythmic interpolation are much too limited. Reggae manages to be both hypnotic and asymetrically loose enough to allow for creative body movement. Exercise your buns with **Steel Pulse**'s *True Democracy* (Elektra) and **Black Uhuru**'s *Chill Out* (Island), two superb listening *and* dancing albums (the latter's title cut currently refuses to get off my turntable).

Outside of Captain Beefheart and Bruno Sammartino, **Bootsy Collins** is unquestionably *the* coolest human on Earth. An alumnus of George Clinton's Parliament/Funkadelic multidimensional conglomerate (the Bonzo Dog Band of funk, in which Bootsy played Viv Stanshall to Clinton's Neil Innes), William "Bootsy" Collins (as he now bills himself) has excreted the year's most danceably hilarious record, *The One Giveth, the Count Taketh Away* (Warner Bros.). Tell me: can *you* two-step and laugh convulsively at the same time?

—Lou Stathis



Bootsy Collins is *the* coolest human on Earth.

HEART OF GALAS

Diamanda Galas stalks the edge.

Most "New Music," a name that has managed to slip onto an entire genre of experiment-makers, never lives up to its still slippery name. But some of it, like the music and performance of **Diamanda Galas**, a Greek-born San Diegan, goes back to such ancient and primordial resources as the ecstatic catharsis of Greek tragedies, devil worship, and a little friendly blood-spilling between families. Out of this, she creates a vocal sound so new, stunning, and shocking that the ancient becomes futuristic, thus connecting her pre-conscious sounds, both guttural and high-pitched shrieks of horror, with the psychotic and fearful inarticulation of a very possibly bleak future.

Galas's first recording, (on Britain's Y Records) ***The Litanies of Satan*** (which includes her "hit" performance piece, "Wild Women with Steakknives"), is an excellent representation of her live shows which have recently enthralled and hypnotized large audiences in Europe and on both U.S. coasts. Galas manipulates microphones like rappers do turntables, using four at once, often articulating two notes at once, completely controlling where her voice goes in a room or in the studio. She basically screams bloody murder, as it were, with the training and control of Maria Callas, the soul of Janis Joplin, and the confrontational attitude of Lydia Lunch. (Galas brands what she does "pink noise").

She defies punk, however, claiming her only connection to that "form" is formidable energy, which she refuses to call negative. Her voice, so powerful, is a physical shocker, and she addresses her live audience with no tricks, no props—it's all about how much she can risk. The exhilaration of her demon wails is a result of their loose metaphorics for mood and mind. We are reminded that "music" wasn't always about hook and riff and bass line; it was once a direct gut experience. Now, only the truly avant-garde are allowed to be direct—*quelle* irony!

Yet there's no irony in Galas's brave new music, and no intellectual hijinx, either. Just the unearthly sounds of a being, possibly human, who is truly alienated. What could be older and newer than that?

—Merle Ginsberg

THE HOT AND THE HARRIED

Like their TV counterparts, soap 'n' rock albums by COR (Couple Oriented Rock) groups—X, Blondie, Fleetwood Mac, and the Cramps—satisfy through their underlying promises that, a) hope, however nihilistic, springs eternal, and b) you'll never be completely happy no matter what. Whether you're harried and betrayed because you've had two cancer operations or six platinum LPs (**Fleetwood Mac**, ***Mirage***, Warner Bros.), lost your seventh spouse or ability to compose a ditty (**Blondie**, ***The Hunter***, Chrysalis), or recovered from four bouts of temporary amnesia or VD (**The Cramps**, ***Psychedelic Jungle***, IRS), life sucks and love ultimately stinks. Still, they're better than *nada*, and without misery and ecstasy, where would S&R, or any of us, be? But how many times can you listen to these sweetheart rockers of the eighties whine about unattainable perfect love in a pre-nuclear environment? What we want from the overproduced intercourse of COR groups is to be carried away by wild body heat sounds, and not by the abysmal soaper lyrics they uncork about finding the meaning of love in all the wrong metaphors. I mean just how far can you stretch **X**'s ***Under the Big Black Sun*** (Elektra) as a password for adultery? The problem with these neoromantic couples is that they are each other's self-absorbed flip sides.

Are you unmoved by X's new-wave "General Hospital" anthems about togetherness on *Sun*, a giant step backward after *Wild Gift*? Exene (punk's Edith Piaf) and hubby John's tedious musings about fidelity versus temptation on "Come Back to Me" and "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes" are salvaged only by the unique "Motel Room in My Bed," or, how to get to heaven from Long Beach—no mean feat.

So what if Chris and Debbie Stein's vanguard struggle for atmospheric state-of-the-art rock immortality proves futile on *The Hunter* (definitely *not* their best album since *Parallel Lines*). Deb's end-of-the-world warnings about a universe driven to extinction by a loss of primal passions and an excess of obsessions ("War Child" and "Dragonfly") never match the grandiosity of Chris's pungent, fuck-to-the-beat rhythms. Perfect subs for the "Dallas" and "Dynasty" sex-opera themes, though. If you can't get enough of the glossy Steins, check out ***Making Tracks: The Rise of Blondie*** (Dell), a book of Chris's surprisingly good photographs of their sensational life together.

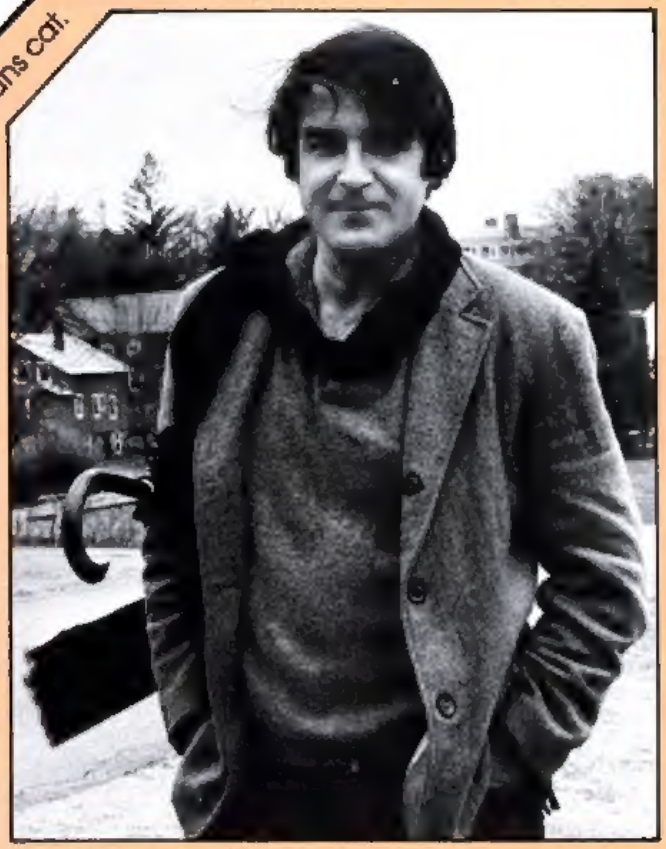
Like me, you probably didn't lose sleep over Fleetwood Mac's megastar quest for true (please define) love and lost-and-found dreams. Lindsay Buckingham's top-ten hit, "Hold Me," cries out "Can't you love the real me?"—the same leitmotif as "All My Children." As for Stevie Nicks, rock's Mary Pickford, she sings "Sarah" over and over again on "Gypsy."

Winners of S&R's "The Young and the Restless" Emmy are Cramps' dynamos, singer Lux Interior and guitarist (Poison) Ivy Rorchatz, who electrocute with two superaccelerated sides of COR poundings on their *Psychedelic Jungle*. They liberate soft core S&R by signaling a hysteroid tribal sock hop with one sexy get-up-and-grind song after another.

—Daphne Davis

Puss in Books

Alexander Theroux, sans cat.



Last year was the publishing world's Year of the (Dead) Cat, but the most important single contribution to that kitten kaboodle—**Alexander Theroux**'s massive, heady novel ***Darconville's Cat*** (Doubleday)—was also the commercial runt of the litter. Ironically, as the book's vengeful plot is staged on the grounds of a Virginia campus, it also has something of a "preppy" motif going for it. Today, while such trends have grown stale, Theroux's *magnum opuss*—which intended allegiance to neither—retains its majesty, integrity, and, yes, novelty.

It is the tragicomic tale of Alaric Darconville, author and Angloprof, who falls for one of his students, Isabel Rawsthorne, an initially receptive country cowgirl who's quick on the withdraw. Put briefly, love sours when betrayed, and our hero plots to wring his belle by the neck at the coercion of the vile Dr. Crucifer—eunuch, Satanist, misogynist, and Harvard professor.

Composed of prose, heroic couplets, fables, lists, rhyming ABCs, diaries, and letters, this velvet-lined helix of love and scorn parodies a panoply of "hoopoes" in its mock-arrogant stride. Theroux introduces us to Southern belles named Xystine Chappelle, Butone Slocum, and Hypsipyle Poore, wryly digressing "*and yet how was it that upon hearing* (such names) *one saw only majorettes, waitresses, and roller derby queens?*" He pulls us into Southern Baptist revival meetings, where the Rev. W.C. Cloogy rails against "*Mo-tels! Pa'back books!* Supposed *hayrides! Men in bulgin' pants from magazines!* (and) *Girlies with eyelashes like dang rakes!*" Its 704 pages are half prolonged sigh and half primal scream.

Readers reluctant to turn themselves over to such a lengthy mad *oratio*, but find themselves intrigued, are directed to Theroux's first glory, ***Three Wogs*** (Godine), which is shorter, easier, and much more affordable in its paperback format. As in much of the longer work, his targets are prejudice and other snool-brained idiocies, and his Grail the prose that encompasses all knowledge, all time, and all of one's personality.

Had Theroux originated from Latin America or West Germany, his *Cat* would have been lionized upon its release; alas, as many critics are lax in heralding native talent as are publishers in encouraging it. This writer, who has the power to make sentences spread and *boil* before a reader's eyes, still seeks an audience. You owe it to imagination to invest in him.

—Timothy R. Lucas

My Influences

Hadrian the Seventh by Baron Corvo
Juvenal's *Satires*
Saki's short stories
Ulysses by James Joyce
Travels in Arabia Deserta by Charles Doughty
Paradise Lost by John Milton
The consistent wit of my brother Paul
The teaching of Martin Battistin of the University of Virginia

—Alexander Theroux

BOSCH BASH

It's what you can intellectualize but not assimilate on a gut level that scares you shitless: your cells can turn against you, the IRS wants you for a random audit, the sound of sniper fire comes from beyond your peripheral vision. Etc. Dwelling upon it fills you with quaking awe.

It's the best fear to use for propaganda: *Steel yourselves against—*

Hieronymous Bosch (c. 1450-1516), while in the commission of some of the leading Churchsters of his day, reversed this process; he made use of then-contemporary theological thought and symbolism to—rather than mickeymouse fear into obedience—depict a universe of infinite sensations, whole, without any visible avenue of escape. Two writers on Bosch's work, **Peter S. Beagle**, in his informal study ***The Garden of Earthly Delights*** (Viking), and **Ian Watson**, in his sf novel ***The Gardens of Delight*** (Timescape/Pocket Books), have their theories.

Author of *The Last Unicorn* and *A Fine and Private Place*, Beagle has turned his understated yet incisive talents to nonfiction with splendid effect, examining Bosch's probable influences and output with a modern sensibility. His book's one drawback is visual: half the illustrations are useless, reducing Bosch's figures to decorative freaks; some of the details are cropped so's to belie Beagle's analytic comments; no dimensions are given for any of the paintings—and it's the *physicality* of vision that art is about. Thankfully, both Beagle and Watson manage to convey this with words.

And about Watson—as though aspiring to become the British Phillip Jose Farmer—he sets his novel literally on a planet of Boschian design. Why? That's the plot. With it, Watson has put his finger on a dangerous but tempting tenet shared by religion and science fiction at their worst: that suspension of disbelief can save you.

—Robert Morales

Moorcock, Less Bull

Photograph by Jerry Bauer

Michael Moorcock: world-famous Spanish "tarzan" translator.

Moorcock Endures

The first time I met Michael Moorcock somebody introduced us at a party. This was a dozen years ago or more. It was Flower Power time, and Moorcock, an Englishman visiting New York, was decked out in a shirt and tie of wildly colored patterns. He sported long hair and a big beard and epitomized the newest consciousness of the era.

We corresponded sporadically throughout the seventies, and during that time I followed Moorcock's career with fascinated attention and admiration.

The thing is, there have to be two Michael Moorcocks. At least. More than half a dozen. Moorcock spews out projects the way Nedick's countermen serve up hot dogs and orange drink. Half of his effusions are fairly trivial—dozens of sci-fi novels [I use the term advisedly!] and swordplay-and-sorcery epics, many of them pastiches of Burroughs's John Carter or Howard's Conan sagas, cheap-jack screenplays, editing jobs that stretch from Moorcock's teens, when he edited the British Tarzan Adventures and Sexton Blake Library (Blake was a half-Sherlock Holmes, half-James Bond hybrid), to his long distinguished association with New Worlds magazine.

The other half of Moorcock's output is serious, skilled, powerful. His novels are important science-fantasy, social satire, real literature. Almost invariably flawed, at least in part because of Moorcock's rapid writing technique, they nonetheless make him one of the major sf writers of the past two decades. Books like **The Final Programme** and the rest of the Jerry Cornelius saga (available in the Avon omnibus edition), **The Cornelius Chronicles**; **The Warlord of the Air** (DAW); **The Black Corridor** (last seen in a scarce Davis Publications/Dial Press trade pb, now out of print); **The Ice Schooner** (Dell); and the controversial **Behold the Man** (Avon) are among Moorcock's best.

Lately Moorcock has slowed down—at least a little. His supposedly final fantasy novel, **Gloriana** (Avon, 1978), was a marvelously dense and almost smotheringly rich homage to the late Mervyn Peake. In 1981 he returned unexpectedly to fantasy with **The Warhound and the World's Pain** (Timescape). The book starts brilliantly but degenerates into a dreary trek-and-battle epic. Clearly, Moorcock's heart isn't in that literary realm any more.

But his newest project is a splendid historical series set in eastern Europe between the two world wars. The first volume, **Byzantium Endures** (Random House), is a manic view of the Bolshevik revolution and the Russian civil war, narrated by a splendid mountebank.

I didn't see Moorcock again until recently, when he turned up for a convention literally a stone's throw from my house. Along with two friends, Richard Wolinsky and James Purviance, I lugged a cassette recorder up to Mike's room. He has changed little in that decade-plus. The hair is both thinner and shorter, the beard has been pared to more modest dimensions. There is just the slightest suggestion of middle-age spread around the middle, and of course those flower-power patterns are gone. He proved to be a shy, modest, well-spoken subject, yet remarkably outspoken and honest in his replies.

—Richard A. Lupoff

[Dick Lupoff's latest book is Stroka Prospekt, *published this month by* Toothpaste Press. *He has also written* Sword of the Demon, Space War Blues, *and the forthcoming* Lovecraft's Book, Circumpolar! *and* Sun's End.*]*

MM: You've worked in a remarkable range and variety of media and literary forms, producing some truly outstanding works. How did you get started?

MM: On an English magazine called *Tarzan Adventures*, which had mainly the Burne Hogarth Tarzan comic as its main feature. It also had a lot of text. British comics tended at the time to be half comics and half text, and I started doing fantasy short stories for that. They were juveniles and I was a juvenile; I was fifteen or sixteen.

MM: There's a legend in the sf community that you were supposedly translating Spanish Tarzan without knowing any Spanish.

MM: I didn't know any Spanish.

MM: How did you do it?

MM: I needed the work (laughter). When they said we need somebody to translate this stuff, I think I was probably getting fifty pence a million words at the time. "Can you speak Spanish?" I said, "Sure."

MM: What did you do, just make up new stories?

MM: Yes. You know, most of the Hogarth and Foster plates, or a good many of them, were destroyed in a fire in the States. I think during the war sometime. The only plates they had of the stuff I wanted to put in the magazine were the Spanish ones, so you'll find that almost all that Foster and early Hogarth stuff has entirely different dialogue and stories running through them in my versions, because I'd never seen the originals.

MM: What would you consider the first of your serious and worthwhile works?

MM: Well, I think you'd have to jump to *The Final Programme*, which was the first thing I was really pleased with. There's a gap in there where I was doing the Elric stories and stuff like that, which I'm not displeased with, but which I don't regard as being serious. Those came about . . . I'd given up writing fantasy and science fiction almost completely. I was working on straight fiction and journalism—I think it was 1963-4—when I bumped into Ted Carnell, who was editor of *Science Fantasy* magazine at the time, who asked me if I would do a sword-and-sorcery series for the magazine. I said I'd more or less given up any ambitions in that area, but I was a working writer, and it was a commission, so I did it. I got the impression he wanted a Conan series, and I had a Conan series that I'd roughed out in the mid-fifties that I'd never gotten around to doing. I gave him 10,000 words of that, and he said, "No, I didn't mean Conan, I meant something like it." So I thought I'd try and do something that's as much different from Conan and the usual sword-and-sorcery heroes as I could. That's probably straight out of the Byronic tradition of the gothic hero/villain. It just came out of a different literary tradition, but it seemed new to the field at the time.

MM: This brings us then to *The Final Programme*?

MM: In between that time, I took over as editor of *New Worlds*. My ambition at that time was to try and, I suppose, improve the literary quality of fantasy and sf. I didn't think it was particularly well written; I thought it had become rather narrow. The generic conventions had stultified it. So, by 1964 I was editing *New Worlds* and trying to encourage writers to write differently—for themselves, but differently. I think one of the reasons I started *The Final Programme* was almost to produce something as an example. It was also the first time that I was able to marry theme and form more closely—I found that sf tended to distort what I was trying to say if I kept it within the generic form. I was trying to produce something that related to the real political and social world of the sixties. I wrote it in ten days, and I thought it was really . . . I was just very pleased with it and I thought everybody would like it. It got solidly rejected for about two years before Avon picked it up in America.

MM: How long do you normally spend on a book?

MM: Well, as I said, *The Final Programme* took ten days, while the last book in the Jerry Cornelius set, *The Condition of Muzak*, took the best part of five years. I write fast—early on, when I was writing stuff like the Runestaff books, I reckoned if you couldn't write it in three days it shouldn't be written. Old age started setting in in my late twenties, and it became seven days, and finally I made it ten days.

MM: All one draft?

MM: Yes. I haven't actually read most of them. I don't even reread them, so I find it very difficult to answer questions about the books. I don't know what people are talking about most of the time.

MM: How about the *Dancers at the End of Time* books?

MM: About two or three weeks apiece.

MM: I'm sure *Gloriana*, which is a relatively lengthy and complex book, wasn't batted out like the others.

MM: No, that took six weeks. But that was only the first draft; the second took another three (laughter). I do tend to write very quickly once I'm working, but it takes quite a long time to conceive the things. Once its conceived and I've got the style set and tone right, and I can write very quickly. It's a peculiar method; most people don't work the way I do.

> I write fast—early on, when I was writing stuff like the Runestaff books, I reckoned if you couldn't write it in three days it shouldn't be written.

MM: Tell us about *Byzantium Endures*.

MM: It's the first of three or four books I'm writing which are an attempt to deal in my own way with the Holocaust. I've never read anything in fiction that satisfactorily, for me, deals with that event, and it's something that continues to horrify me. It's very electrical—the approach is somebody who is denying throughout the entire book that they're Jewish. It's an extremely ambitious project, which, if it doesn't come off, will leave me looking like a fool.

Sects 'n' Books 'n' Rock 'n' Roll
CHARLES MANSON
CHARLES MANSON
SENSORCAID
1632
ANNE RICE
THE VAMPIRE LESTAT
THE QUEEN OF THE DAMNED

GOG RULE

Coiled up to your Trinitron, the electrons pulsing with light, you stare at a blonde Kim Carnes mauled by a drooling, shredded monster, while a smiling tribe of Tarot creatures worships in the fog. It's Russell Mulcahy's "Draw of the Cards." While film's painted look lets you abstract horror ("It's only a movie . . ."), the mind, conditioned by TV news horror scenes and the intimacy of eye-to-tube, associates video with reality—unavoidable and therefore potentially more dangerous.

Music-video imagery has exploited this new dimension in video horror, as in the crash-angled close-ups of orbed-eyed *Children of the Damned* descendants in the Boomtown Rats' "I Don't Like Mondays" (directed by David Mallet), and the bobbing, knife-wielding figures in Landscape's "Norman Bates" (directed by Brian Grant), which referentially evokes *Psycho* (in black-and-white, of course).

Now there's **Gog**, the first original home video horror feature (thirty minutes). Adapting the battle legend of an ancient English giant (circa 1602), **Bruce Wooley**—coauthor of the Buggles' music-video smash "Video Killed the Radio Star"—has written and directed an erratic monster epic of uneven proportions. Literally. Wooley's Gog models, as well as those of his brother Magog and the Worshipers, never quite achieve the pseudo-mythic size of those in classic Japanese thrillers. Yet they have a unique motion and look created by an image processed film-to-tape transfer and computerized editing. Gog's saturation of colors, time-lapse digital effects and popping keyboard soundtrack deliver chilling moments of blinking electronic light-imagery. Horror hits home . . . .

(Bruce Wooley's Gog is available by mail order only from: 79 Victor Road, Teddington, Middlesex, England.)

—Alan Hecht
with Paul Kinder

DIG DUG

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MANY EDUCATORS AND PARENTS BELIEVE THAT VIDEO GAMES CAN BE **GOOD** FOR CHILDREN. THEY DEVELOP EYE-HAND COORDINATION, IMPROVE MEMORY SKILLS, AND INTEREST YOUNGSTERS IN COMPUTERS.

DIG DUG IS GOOD FOR KIDS. THEY GET HIGH PLAYING IT. WHICH MIGHT EXPLAIN WHY IT'S CURRENTLY RATED NUMBER ONE IN **PLAYMETER**, THE "BIBLE" OF THE ARCADE INDUSTRY.

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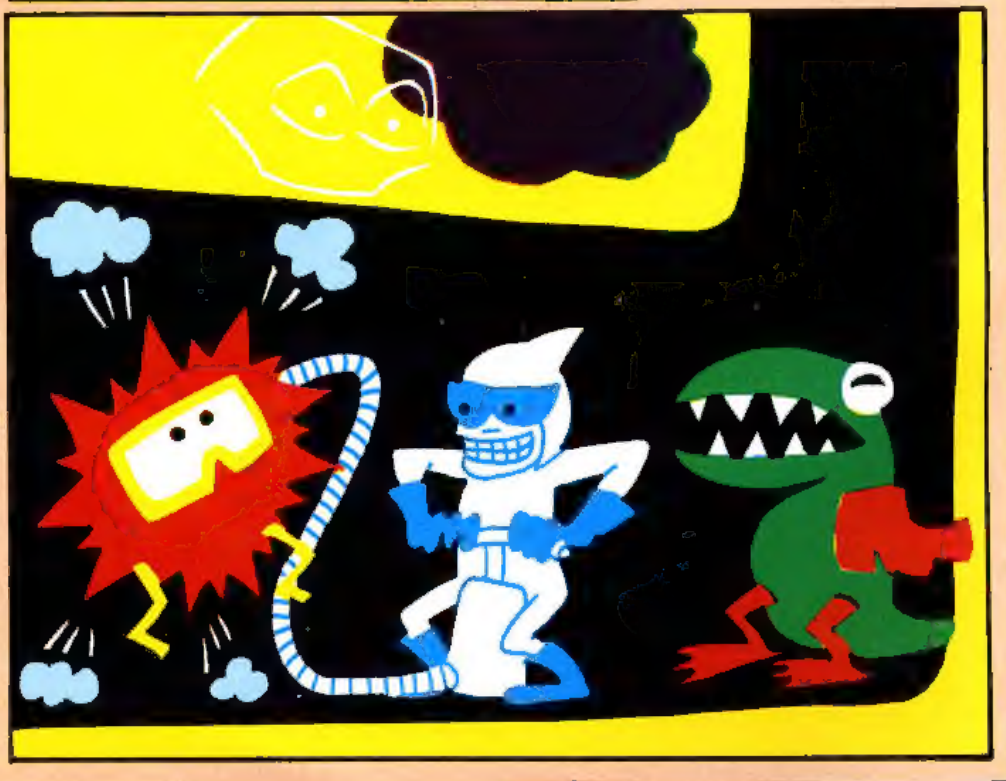
DIG DUG'S HAPPY ORGAN MUSIC PRODUCES TIME DISTORTION BECAUSE OF ITS TRANCE-LIKE MONOTONY. EATING THE BONUS CARROT, MUSHROOM, OR WATERMELON SATISFIES HUNGER. BLOWING UP THE RED MONSTERS IS NICE, LIKE POPPING ZITS, WHILE DROPPING ROCKS ON THE DRAGONS IS ALMOST AS MUCH FUN AS CUTTING UP FROGS.

YOU DON'T NEED ZITS, FROGS, OR EVEN PEPSI TO ENJOY **DIG DUG**—IT'S A **GAS!**

—JOHN HOLMSTROM



Chain Mail

Dear People

I wish to h. you guys would put together a book of "Rock Opera" to date (and with sequels to follow, of course), seeing as how it's about the best thing in your mag, & certainly the best continuing series by far; most of the others of which have been pointless, rambling, non sequitur free association as far as so-called story line is concerned, & constitutes a pretty good argument that some of your artists should be forbidden by law from so much as writing down two words next to each other, but I'm forgetting that I ain't here to complain, & that I also wanted to give a nice woik, kiddo, type punch in the shoulder to the folks responsible for "Life at the Circus"—(July) really terrif. art & good strong story. But who the f. bashed Jeff Jones on the head & thus made him forget how to draw? He used to be one of the best! Maybe I am here to complain after all.

Karl Bunker
Boston, Mass.

"Rock Opera" is about the best thing in your mag.

HM:

Please, end my pain! Lance that festering boil on your pages! Pop that infected zit! Amputate that gangrenous limb! Discard that dead piece of skin! Pluck out thine offending eye! STOP "ROCK OPERA" NOW! Please.

J Calafiore
Edison, N.J.

Dear *HM*:

How long will "Rock Opera" be continuing in the back pages of *HM*? Even Moebius and Jodorowsky had enough sense to cut off "The Incal Light" (for the *second*) time), but it seems that Kierkegaard doesn't know when to stop!

Scott Ragland
Portland, Oreg.

"Rock Opera" will be continuing in the back pages of HM *forever, probably. The strip sums up the American sensibility of* HM *better than anything else in the magazine. It takes its cue from its daytime TV namesakes: continually evolving and satirically reflective of contemporary reality. Also, it makes me laugh a whole lot.—ls*

Kierkegaard doesn't know when to stop!

Dear *HM* People:

I've been a faithful reader of *HM* since the first year *(Why do I always hear* Jaws*-like chords of ominous doom when a letter begins this way?—ls)* and a subscriber since the second year, so I've followed the changes you guys've undergone pretty carefully. When you first started the columns a few years back, it was great. .sf book reviews, movie reviews, articles on comic art (a whole series on undergrounds that was great). Then you started slipping in columns by Lou Stathis *(All the columns began together in the January '80 issue.—ls)*, who's probably a swell guy and all, but I can't understand a word he writes, then or now. Then you dropped the columns altogether, which I hated. Now they're back, which is great *(Have you seen a doctor about these mood swings?—ls)*, but the focus seems to be on music, pop culture, and fashion and fads and stuff. Which to me is crapola (I'm thirty-two, if that matters). I'd like to see more printed stuff on the subject of graphics, comic art, and the artists, also reviews of sf books and movies again as in the old columns. All this new-wave stuff bores me to tears and I never read it. Don't you think that most people who buy the magazine do so because they are interested in comic art? I can't for the life of me figure out where Lou Stathis comes into all this (Sorry, Lou) *(Yeah, I'll bet you are ls)*.

F. J. Hannon
Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

That "all this new-wave stuff" bores you both saddens and angers me. Pop music right now is probably the most vital and creative means of cross-cultural communication we've got. That you're unable to hear this is unfortunate. I operate here under the assumption that if you dig what HM*'s comics are about you'll probably also dig some of the other interesting stuff eating away at the cultural underbelly. Am I wrong?—ls*

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CYCLE 88
ANARCHERA
SOMEWHERE IN THE DEPTHS OF SPACE...
"ALLUSION...
EASILY CONFUSED WITH ALLUSION. THE FIRST MEANS AN INDIRECT REFERENCE, THE SECOND MEANS AN UNREAL IMAGE OR A FALSE IMPRESSION."
—THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE
WILLIAM STRUNK, JR.
E.B. WHITE
A 333
A 332

"LIKE QUEEN ISIS WANDERING IN THE EGYPTIAN UNDERWORLD I HAD BEEN STRIPPED OF MY SELVES LAYER BY LAYER AND I WAS DOWN TO BRONZE. DAEDELUS ART THAT, THE DISMANTLING OF VISIONS AND THE FORGING OF WEAPONS." --ARIADNE
JUNE RACHUY BRINDEL

STARSTRUCK - BOOK ONE

PLOT BY ELAINE LEE AND M.W. KALUTA
WRITTEN BY ELAINE LEE
ILLUSTRATED BY M.W. KALUTA

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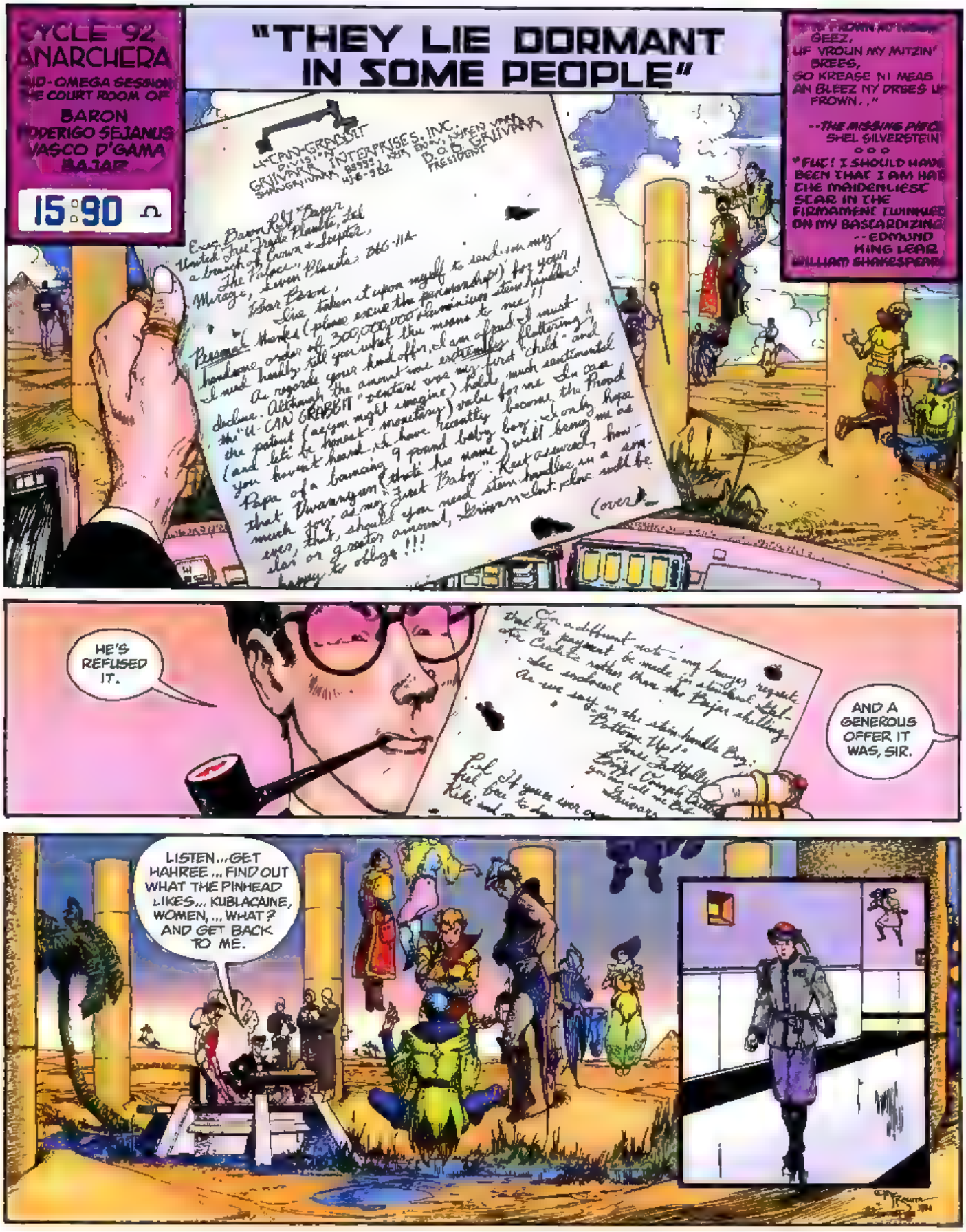
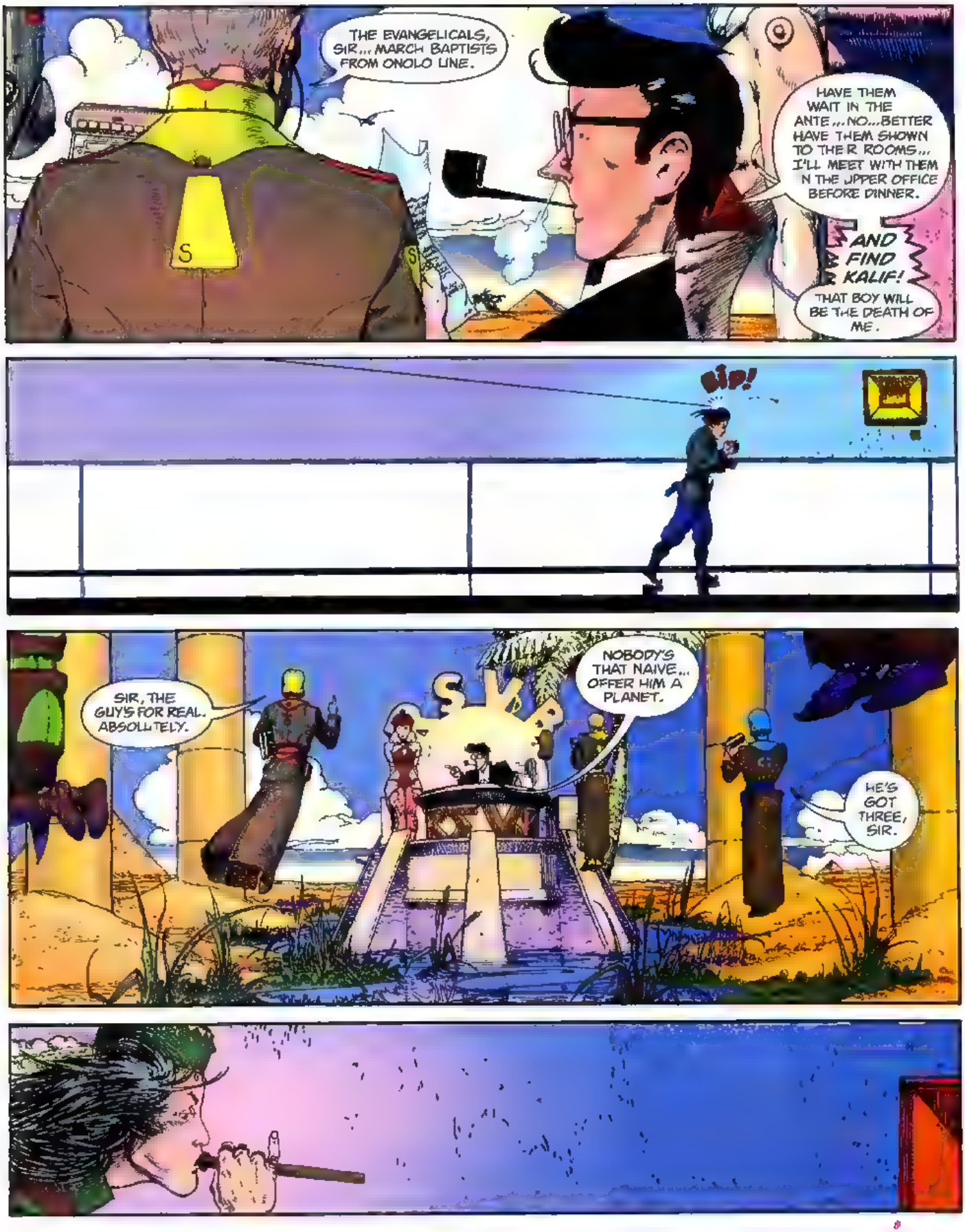
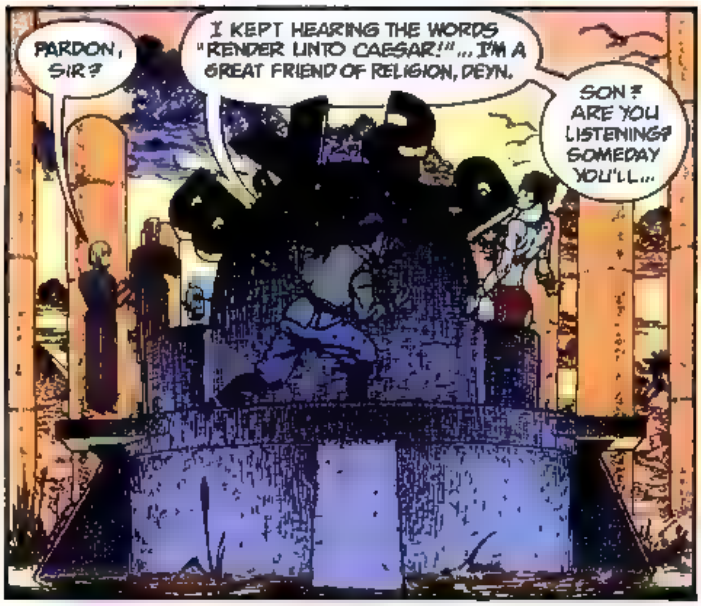
BASED UPON THE STAGE PLAY BY ELAINE LEE, NORFLEET LEE, AND DALE PLACE

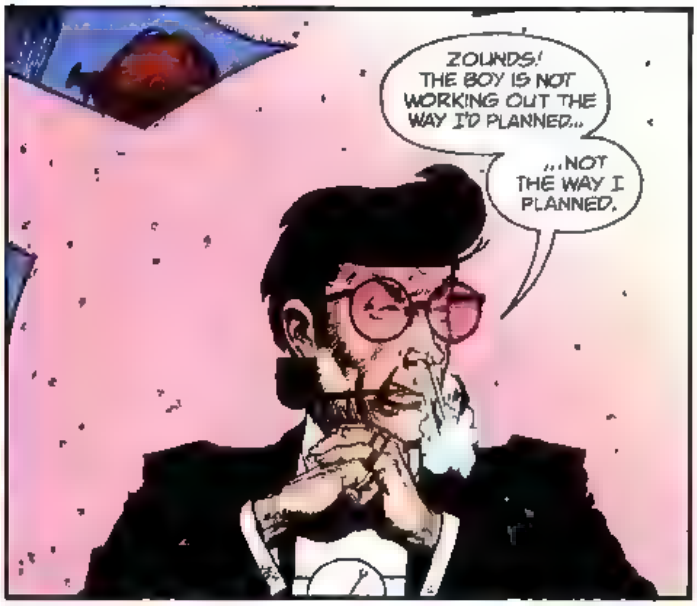

CYCLE '92
ANARCHERA
MID-OMEGA SESSION
THE COURT ROOM OF
BARON
RODERIGO SEJANUS
VASCO D'GAMA
BAJAR
15:90
"THEY LIE DORMANT IN SOME PEOPLE"
"FROWN NOT THOU, GEEZ, UF YROUN MY MITZIN' BREES, GO KREASE NI MEAS AN BLEEZ NY DRSES UF FROWN..."
--THE MISSING PIECE SHEL SILVERSTEIN
"FIE! I SHOULD HAVE BEEN THAT I AM HAD THE MAIDENLIEST SCAR IN THE FIRMAMENT TWINKLED ON MY BASCARDIZING!"
--EDMUND KING LEAR WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
HE'S REFUSED IT.
AND A GENEROUS OFFER IT WAS, SIR.
LISTEN...GET HAHREE...FIND OUT WHAT THE PINHEAD LIKES... KUBLACAINE, WOMEN,...WHAT? AND GET BACK TO ME.


THE EVANGELICALS, SIR... MARCH BAPTISTS FROM ONOLO LINE.
HAVE THEM WAIT IN THE ANTE...NO...BETTER HAVE THEM SHOWN TO THEIR ROOMS... I'LL MEET WITH THEM IN THE UPPER OFFICE BEFORE DINNER.
AND FIND KALIF!
THAT BOY WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME.
SIP!
SIR, THE GUY'S FOR REAL. ABSOLUTELY.
NOBODY'S THAT NAIVE... OFFER HIM A PLANET.
HE'S GOT THREE, SIR.

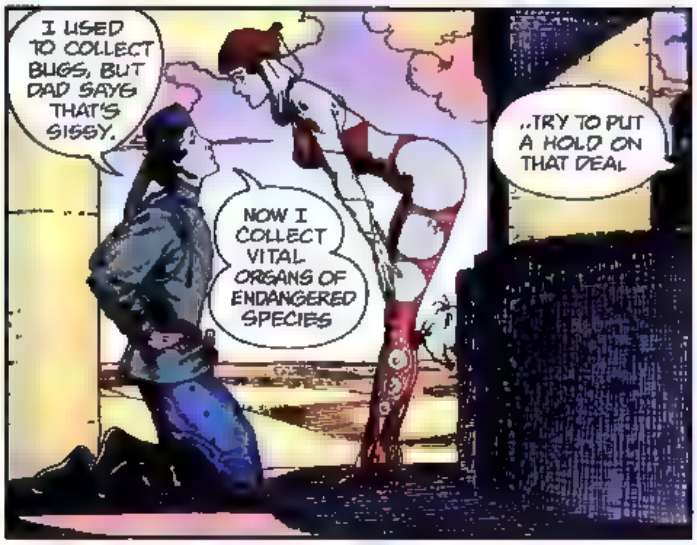
TAKE A LETTER..
THE BARONET PHILLIPE CESARE KALIF ALEXANDER BAJAR.
"TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE COLLECTED GALACTIC SHEET METAL AND MINE WORKERS--" ETC, ETC..
"DEAR MADAM..."
"...I REQUIRE SOME INFORMATION ON ONE OF YOUR FORMER MEMBERS-- LAST NAME, GRIIVARR, B__"
SPLOOSH!

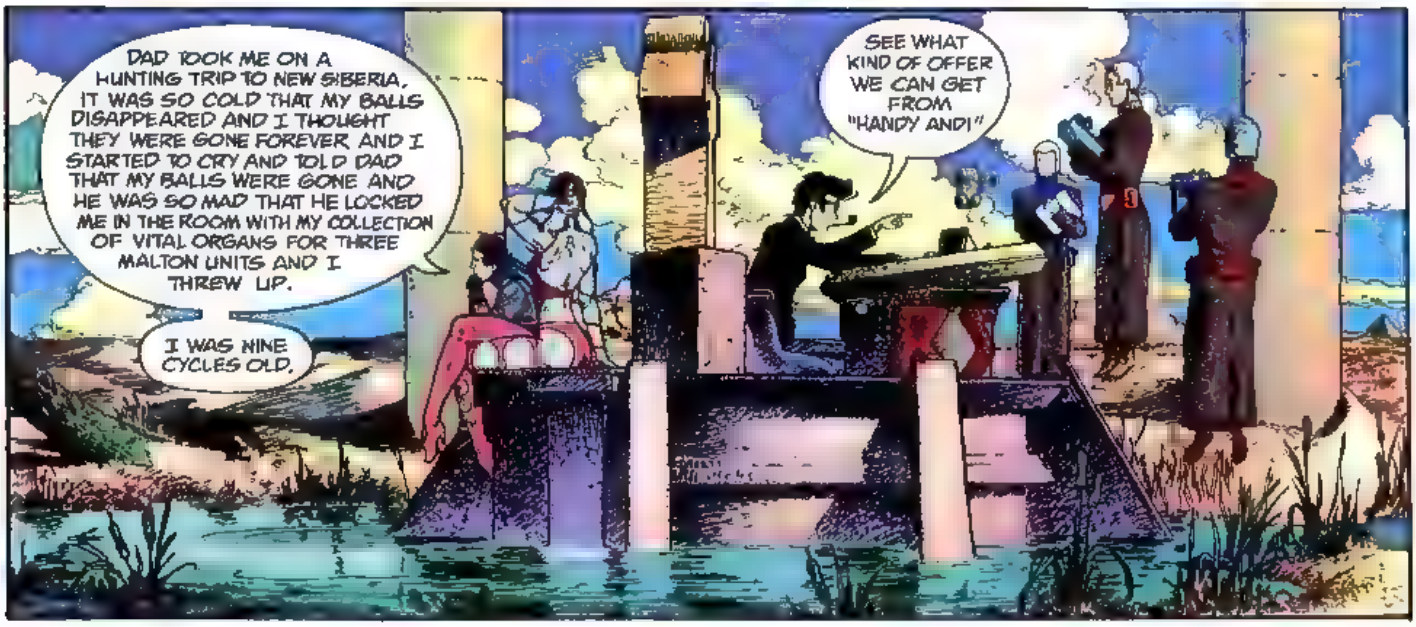
KALIF.
"LAST NAME GRINARR...", SIR.
"IF YOU WOULD BE SO KIND," ETC., ETC., ETC. ...YOU KNOW WHAT TO SAY...
MENTION HOW NICE SHE LOOKED AT THE...WHERE WAS THAT THING?
BRAXIS-7, SIR.
COULD YOU PRETEND TO PAY ATTENTION, SON?
ABOUT THE REBELLION, SIR.?
I'VE TAKEN CARE OF IT.
MIGHT I ASK, SIR...?
I HEARD THE VOICE OF GOD, DEYN.
Heh heh heh

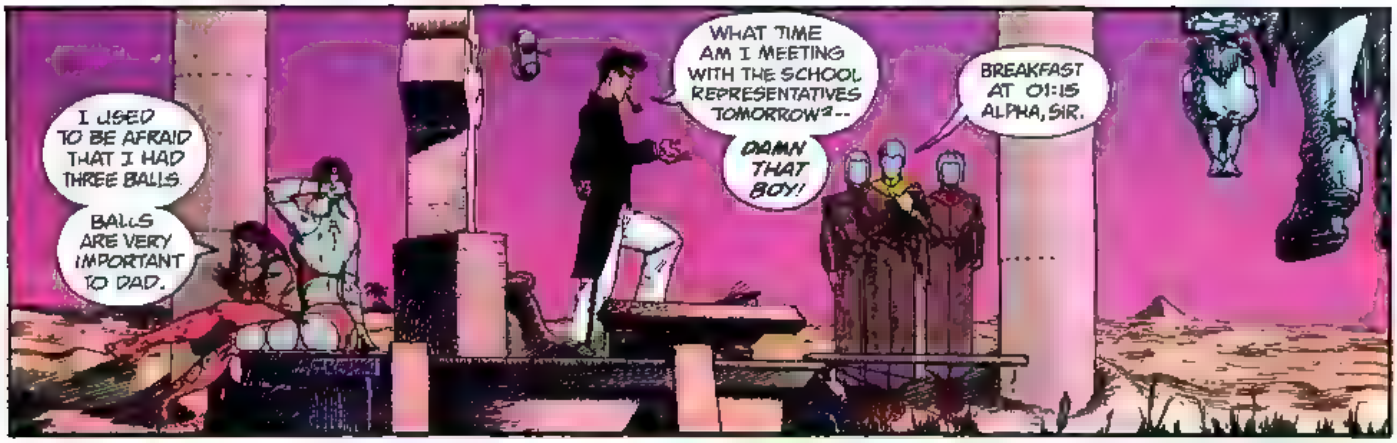

PARDON, SIR?
I KEPT HEARING THE WORDS "RENDER UNTO CAESAR!"... I'M A GREAT FRIEND OF RELIGION, DEYN.
SON? ARE YOU LISTENING? SOMEDAY YOU'LL...

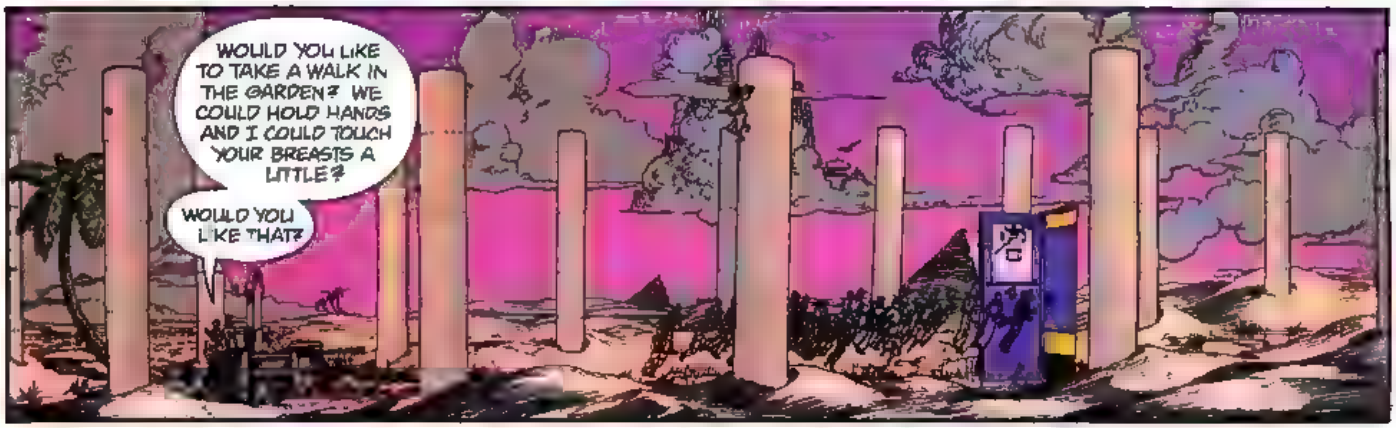

ZOUNDS! THE BOY IS NOT WORKING OUT THE WAY I'D PLANNED...
...NOT THE WAY I PLANNED.

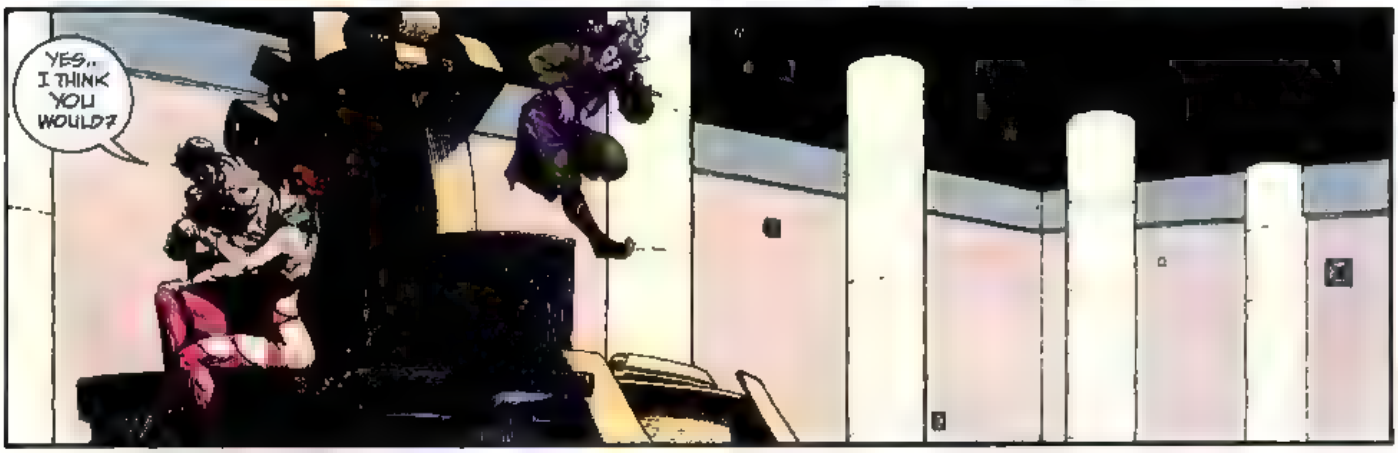
OH... AND CONTACT GROMMIT FROM 'LIVING DOLL' CYBERNETICS...
I COULD SHOW YOU MY COLLECTION. WOULD YOU LIKE THAT?


I USED TO COLLECT BUGS, BUT DAD SAYS THAT'S SISSY.
NOW I COLLECT VITAL ORGANS OF ENDANGERED SPECIES
..TRY TO PUT A HOLD ON THAT DEAL


DAD TOOK ME ON A HUNTING TRIP TO NEW SIBERIA. IT WAS SO COLD THAT MY BALLS DISAPPEARED AND I THOUGHT THEY WERE GONE FOREVER AND I STARTED TO CRY AND TOLD DAD THAT MY BALLS WERE GONE AND HE WAS SO MAD THAT HE LOCKED ME IN THE ROOM WITH MY COLLECTION OF VITAL ORGANS FOR THREE MALTON UNITS AND I THREW UP.
I WAS NINE CYCLES OLD.
SEE WHAT KIND OF OFFER WE CAN GET FROM "HANDY ANDI"


I USED TO BE AFRAID THAT I HAD THREE BALLS.
BALLS ARE VERY IMPORTANT TO DAD.
WHAT TIME AM I MEETING WITH THE SCHOOL REPRESENTATIVES TOMORROW?--
DAMN THAT BOY!
BREAKFAST AT 01:15 ALPHA, SIR.

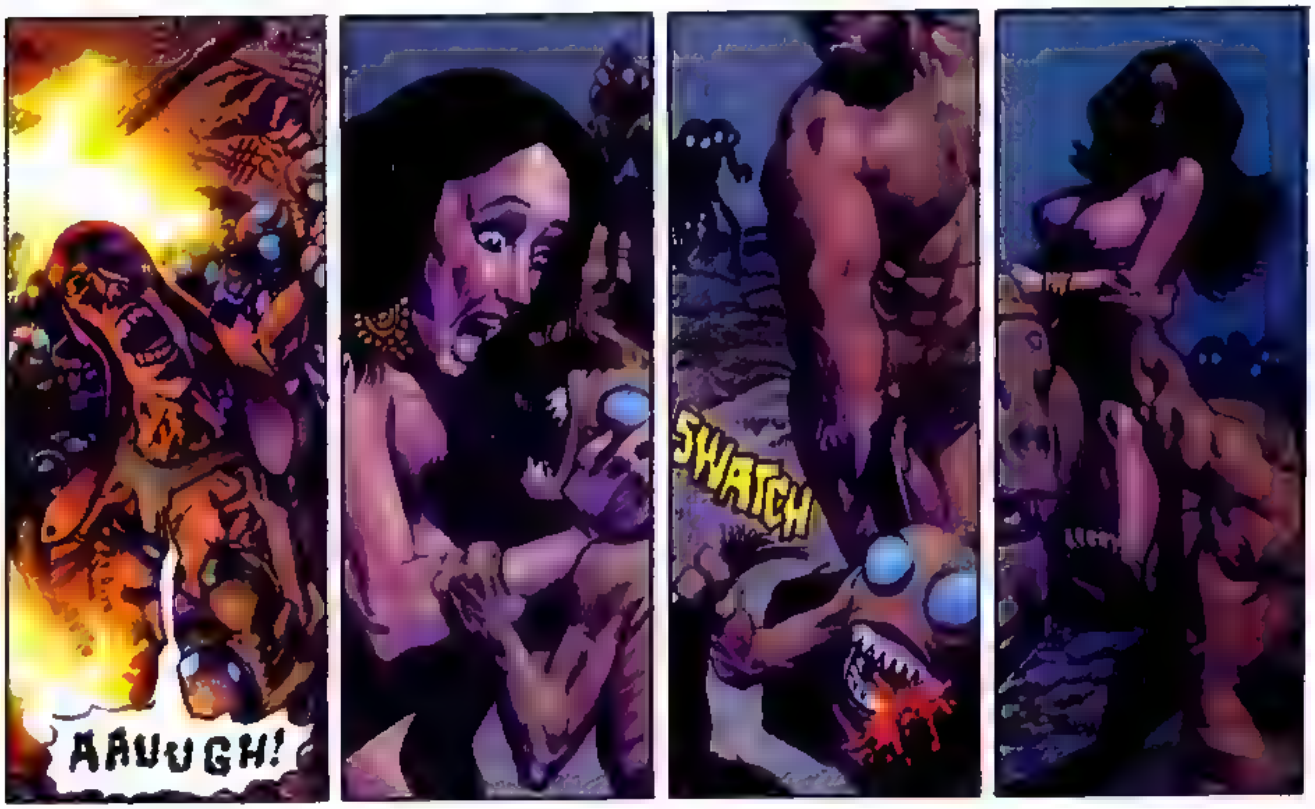




TO BE CONTINUED.

DEN II

Last issue Den had entered the Dramite hive and found Muula. As they prepared to head for her estate Moutaron they were attacked by Dramites

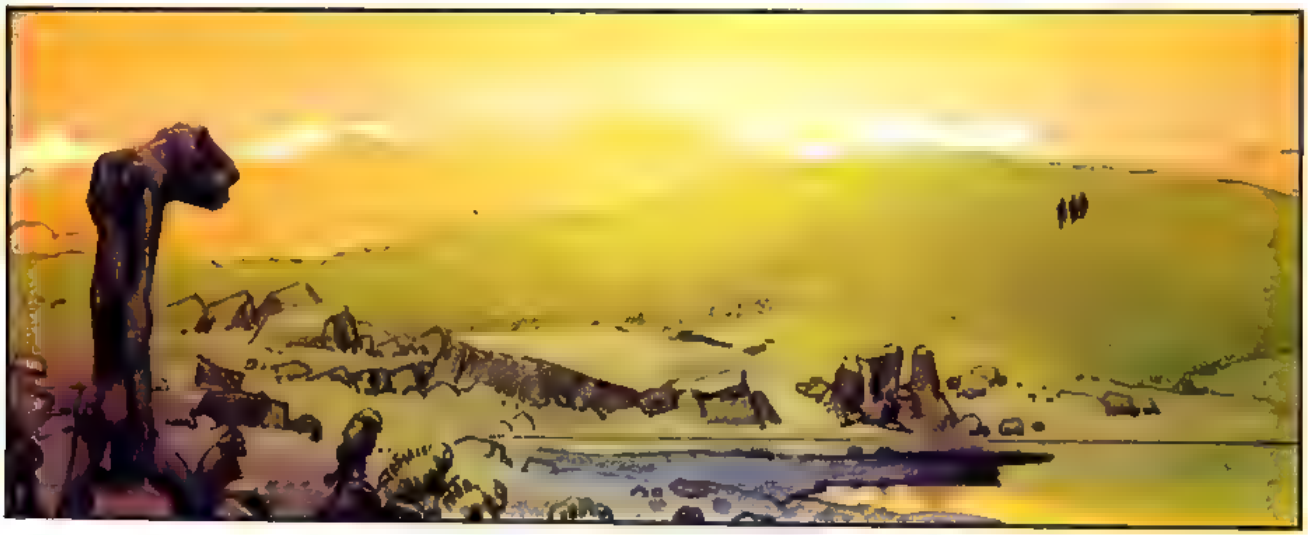


AAAAHH
What makes them do that? I never knew swarms could be so large.
The best eight men in the country, DEAD
That wasn't even the main group. It was just a smaller flanking party
Yes, you said that, but why?
I don't know

We d best keep moving Right now we re between the main mass and their rear guard They re traveling northeast towards Muularon
Then we go north to Minimuut

What if Minimuut is in their path also?

The Dramites won t bother Minimuut. It is on an island in Lake Meek



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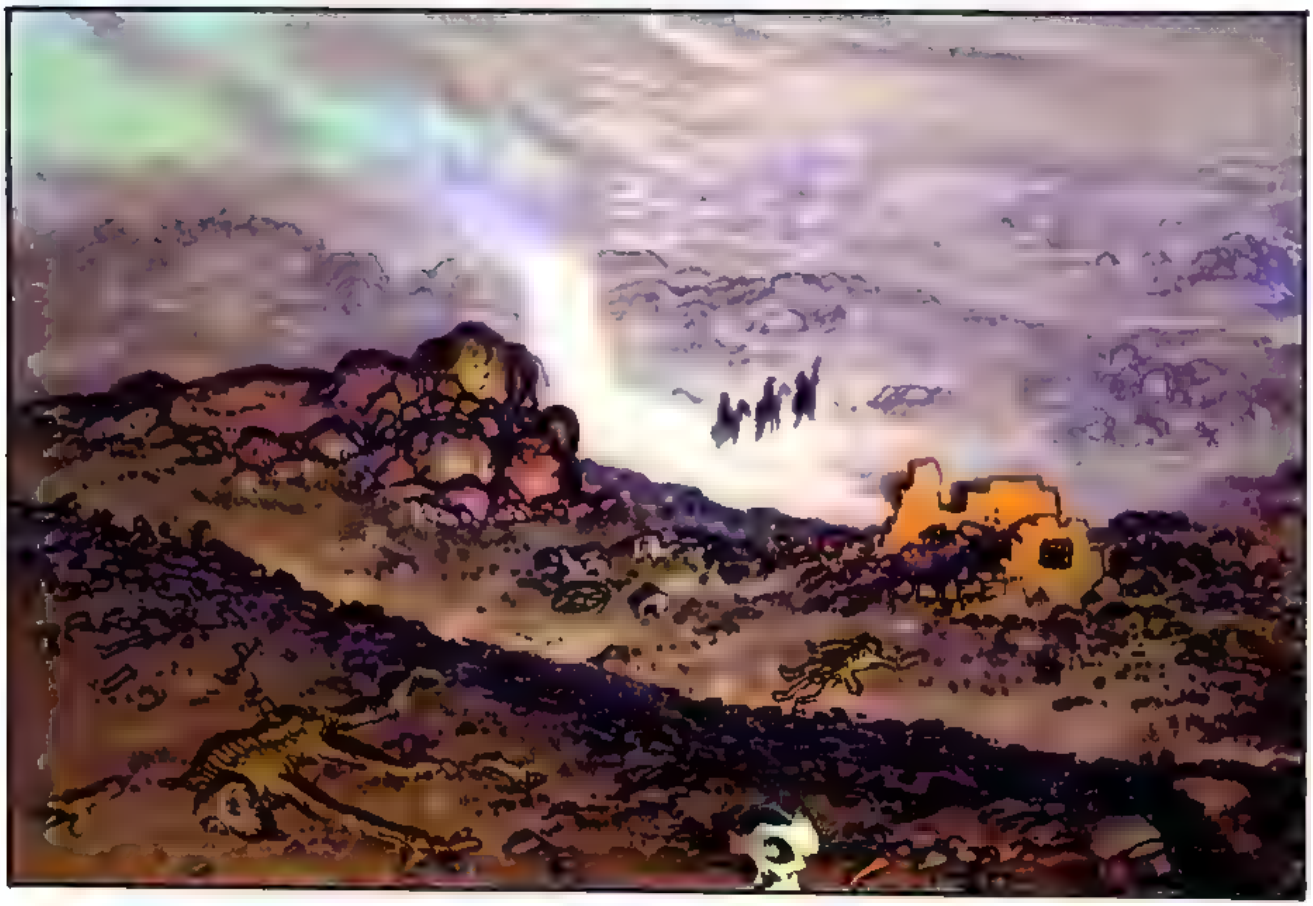
The farther we go the more desperate and stripped the land seems
The Dramites passed the oasis several days ahead of us The land there has begun to recover Now we are closer to them The result of their feeding is fresh



How much further?
We should sight the lake when we reach that ridge
I hope so Look behind us
Oh God they're gaining
We've caught up with the main group

to be continued

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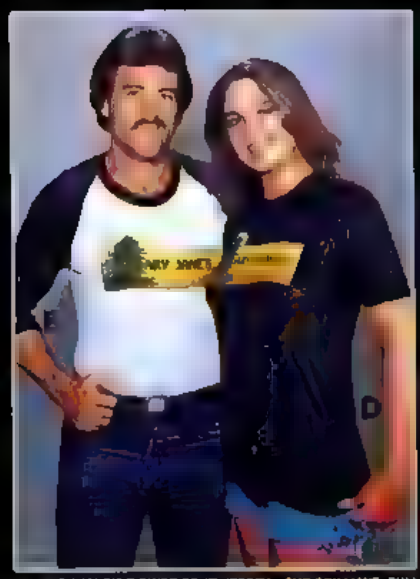

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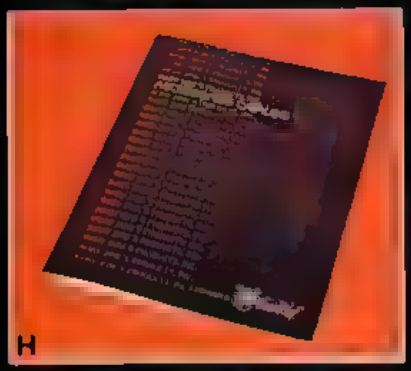

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I'M AGE

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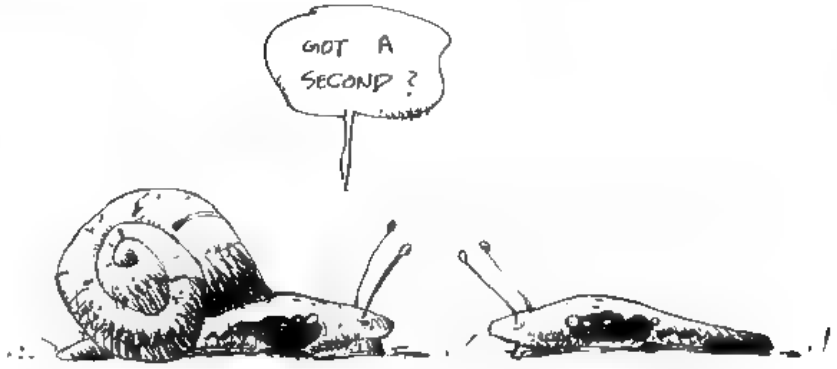
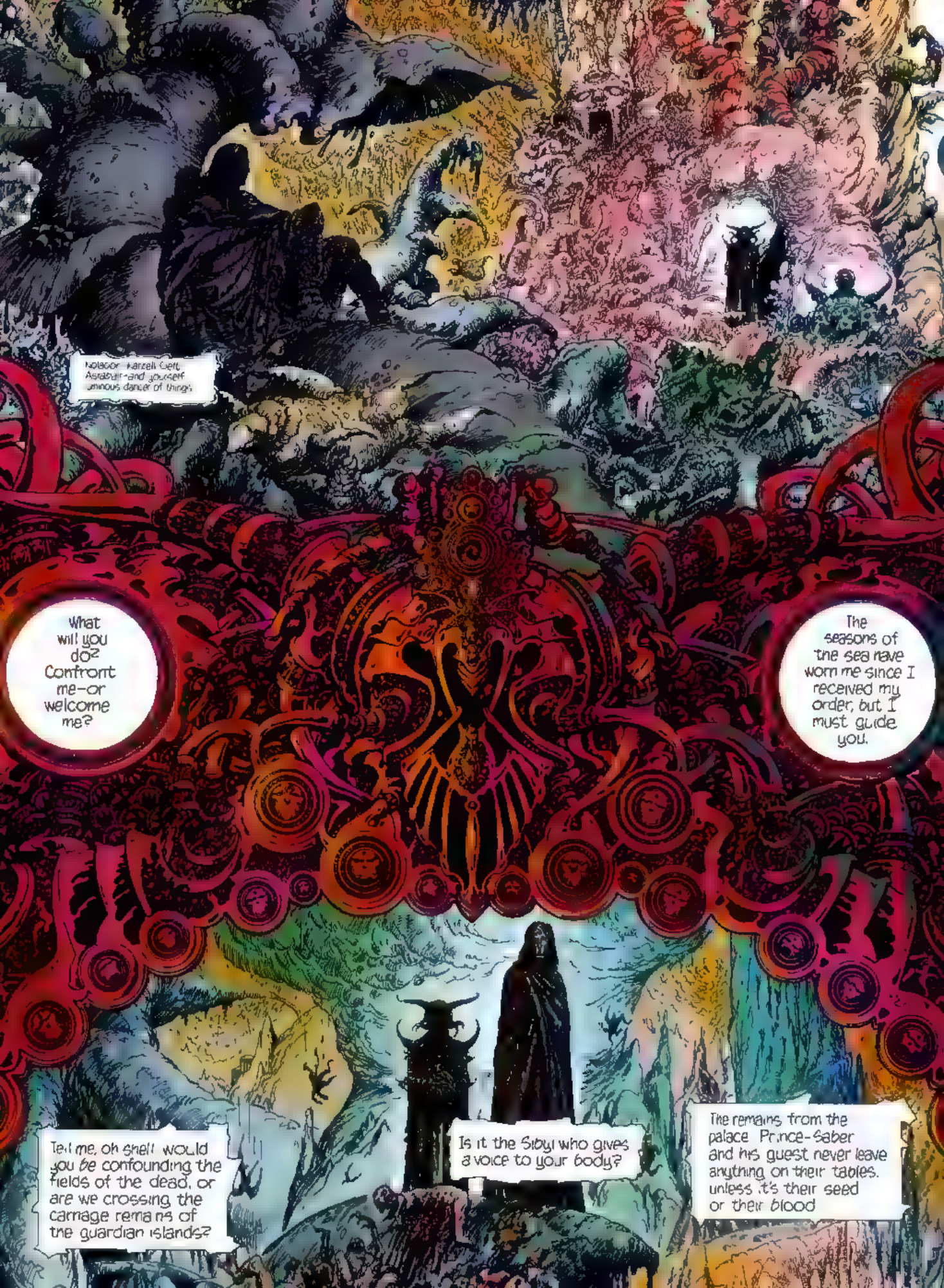
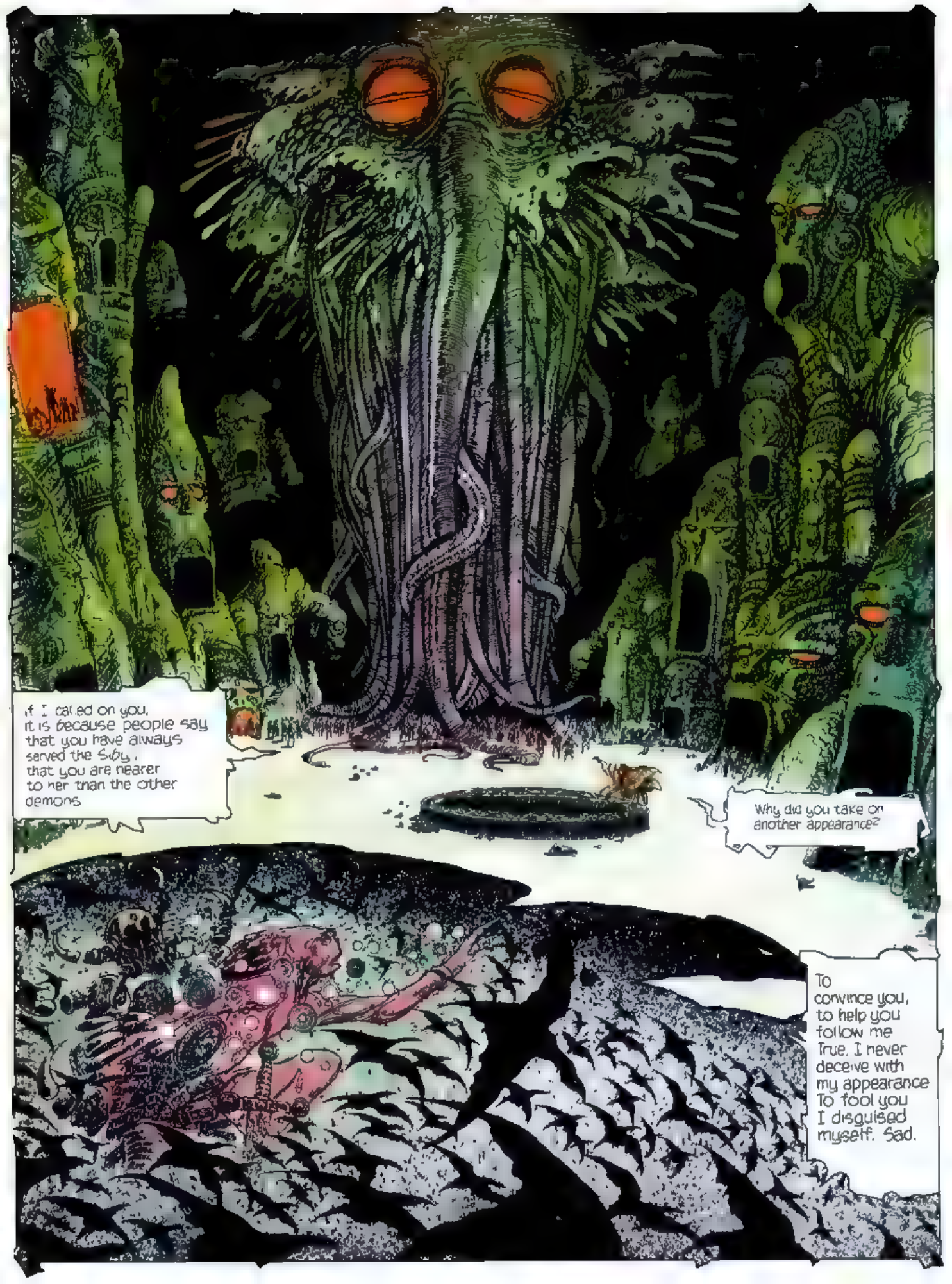
I STAND UP PRETTY WELL, THOUGH I USED TO STAND FASTER.
BUT I'VE SEEN THEM OLDER; CAN'T STAND UP — HARDLY MOVE AT ALL.
THEY TELL ME GRAVITY ACTS THE SAME ON ALL THINGS. BUT I KNOW IT GETS STRONGER THE OLDER YOU GET



YRAGAEL
LAST WE SAW, YRAGAEL JOINED FORCES WITH MORGELL IN ORDER TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT OF SPHARAN. YRAGAEL'S SOLE REQUEST WAS THAT THE ARMY SPARE HIS MAD BROTHER, SABER
TEXT BY DEMUTH TRANSLATED BY PAULINE TENNANT REPRINTED WITH THE PERMISSION OF QUICK FOX FROM THE BOOK "YRAGAEL


Nolacor Karzell Cert, Astabar-and yourself luminous dancer of things
What will you do? Confront me-or welcome me?
The seasons of the sea have worn me since I received my order, but I must guide you.
Tell me, oh shell! would you be confounding the fields of the dead, or are we crossing the carnage remains of the guardian islands?
Is it the Sibyl who gives a voice to your body?
The remains from the palace Prince-Saber and his guest never leave anything on their tables. unless it's their seed or their blood

On waking, prince, you called on me [illegible] to remember
Galing,' the luminous dancer of things,
The pirates of Kherelgin and the masks of the Torturer of Kherelgine
[illegible] of the goddesses of the sea but it was not the free sea it was not the circles that you had in mind- if you have a mind. It was that [illegible] traditor. We cannot stay here. The gods do not want it yet.'


If I called on you, it is because people say that you have always served the Sibyl, that you are nearer to her than the other demons
Why did you take on another appearance?
To convince you, to help you follow me True. I never deceive with my appearance To fool you I disguised myself. Sad.

Follow me. I must protect you. Come otherwise she will become impatient. Danger
Nereis knows how to wait. Sibyls play with time. Well, demon glowworm, I am going to get impatient.
Nereis. Who talks of Nereis?
TO BE CONTINUED

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THE APE

LAST ISSUE, THE YOUNG APE MASTERED THE MAGICAL TRICK OF TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO PRACTICALLY ANYTHING. HE THEN FLEW OFF TO AID HIS PEOPLE IN THE GROTTO OF THE HANGING WATER AND WOUND UP FIGHTING THE DEMON OF SPECULATION.

AWEEEEAAA!
THE UNITED VILLAGE
BUT NOW, MY LITTLE ONES, THE TIME OF BANQUETS AND MARDI GRAS IS OVER. WE MUST LEARN TO DEFEND OURSELVES. NO DOUBT THE REPRISAL WILL BE A MESSY ONE

IF YOU TEACH US WELL, WE WILL LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET. THERE IS A CITY 200 MILES FROM HERE.
THAT HAS CAVERNS FULL OF WEAPONS

I DON'T NEED TO BUY WEAPONS. I STEAL THEM TELEPATHICALLY
YES, GOOD KING BUT IF YOU WANT THEM, WE CAN GET THEM FOR YOU
AND AT A GOOD PRICE, TOO!

SWEET KING, OUR DELEGATION HAS ARRIVED IN ORDER TO PAY HOMAGE TO YOU, THE GREATEST OF ALL WHO HAVE REIGNED
YOUR 47 000 WARRIORS ALSO DESERVE A TRIBUTE
WHICH WE WILL PAY EVERY SEASON IN EXCHANGE FOR A PROMISE
THAT YOUR PEOPLE WILL NEVER ATTACK OUR FAIR VILLAGE
ATTACK? BUT WE WOULD NEVER ATTACK WITHOUT REASON!
EXCUSE ME, YOUR MAJESTY, BUT WHAT MY FRIEND MEANT WAS THAT YOU SHOULD PROTECT US AGAINST NEIGHBORING BARBARIC TRIBES
THIS MOUNTAIN OF FLOWERS AND FRUIT IS AS STRONG AS A BRONZE WALL SO SHALL WE SHAKE ON IT?
YES, YES, WE SHALL PROTECT YOU AS BEST WE CAN. BUT I MUST FIND BETTER WEAPONS THIS DAGGER IS TOO LIGHT FOR ME!
I'LL GO TO THE PALACE OF THE DRAGON NEAR THE EASTERN SEA HE'LL KNOW WHERE I CAN OBTAIN A WEAPON WHICH WILL BE ADEQUATE FOR ME
THAT IS BECAUSE IT IS AN EARTH WEAPON AND YOU ARE NOW IMMORTAL THE ONLY PLACE YOU WILL EVER FIND A WEAPON WORTHY OF YOU IS AT THE POWERS OF THE SEA
ANOTHER VOYAGE? THIS APE CAN'T STAY STILL FOR A MINUTE!

AND SO, THE YOUNG APE OF STONE, WHO HAS LEARNED IMMORTALITY, MAGIC, AND RELIGION, IS LEAVING IN ORDER TO FIND A WEAPON WHICH CAN BE ADAPTED TO SUIT HIS MOST SPECIAL POWERS
I AM THE KING OF THE MOUNTAIN OF FLOWERS AND FRUIT, AND I HAVE COME TO MEET THE DRAGON
YOU MUST GO! I'M WARNING YOU!
OF WHAT RACE ARE YOU BORN TO? AND WHY ARE YOU SWIMMING TO THE PALACE OF THE DRAGON OF THE EASTERN SEAS?
SCIAF
VIOLENCE IS NOT NECESSARY I IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED YOU! YOU ARE THE POWERFUL YOUNG APE, BORN FROM STONE, AM I NOT CORRECT? COME IN! AND GENERAL LOBSTER CORPORAL CRAB!
IT'S SO NICE TO MEET YOU A LITTLE KISS!
YOU BRUTE!
CAN I OFFER YOU A CUP OF TEA?
A LITTLE HONOR AND RESPECT FOR THIS GREAT APE!

I HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT YOU HAVE A GREAT MANY MAGICAL WEAPONS I AM SEARCHING FOR ONE THAT WILL SUIT MY NEEDS. ALL OF MY NEEDS
YES, I DO HAVE A BEAUTIFUL COLLECTION! I KEEP THEM BEHIND A DOOR OF SEMIPRECIOUS SHELLS AND STONES
EVEN THIS HALBERD IS TOO LIGHT
WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THIS FORK WITH NINE POINTS?
WELL, IT'S VERY BEAUTIFUL BUT TOO LIGHT
MY GOODNESS YOU ARE A BIG STRONG APE! IT WEIGHS OVER 3,000 POUNDS
BUT YOU MUST HAVE SOMETHING THAT WILL BE OF USE TO ME!
TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF I DON'T HAVE ANOTHER ONE LEFT! I SWEAR IT!
HMMM, SOMETHING IS SHINING OVER THERE!
OH YOU BIG BEAST! BUT BE CAREFUL OF THE RADIATION!
MY BEAUTIFUL DOOR OF SHELLS!

THAT S THE ROD WITH WHICH THE MILKY WAY WAS FORGED AND LEVELED!
IT'S BEEN SITTING THERE FOR THOU SANDS OF YEARS. SHINING AND PAL-PITATING AS F IT HAS BEEN WAIT-ING FOR SOME-ONE. MAYBE YOU?
AND YOU SAY THAT THIS ROD WEIGHS MORE THAN 13 500 POUNDS? AND T S SOLID GOLD?
IT'S A BIT HEAVY OH, WAIT NOW THAT'S A GOOD FIT!
HEY, HOW DID YOU DO THAT? THAT ROD USED TO BE THREE MILES LONG! WHAT HAPPENED TO IT? WHO ARE YOU, YOUNG APE?
TIP TA
DON T YOU KNOW, DEAR DRAGON OF THE ORIENTAL SEA?
I SHALL NEED A HAT
AND POSS BLY A LIVELY COSTUME ONE OF THOSE SPANGLY KINDS DON'T YOU THINK THAT WOULD FIT ME?

DON'T YOU EVER TAKE ANYTHING SERIOUSLY? YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY! MAJORETTE, SMAJORETTE! NOW GO, I WANT YOU OUT IMMEDIATELY! I I
I'LL WRITE THE EMPEROR OF JADE IF YOU DON'T LEAVE AT ONCE!
THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO I'LL WRITE THE EMPEROR OF JADE!
dudu... i'm singing in the rain
WATCH THIS, LITTLE GIRL! EVERYONE, WATCH!
AND WILL THIS GOLDEN ROD BE YOUR WEAPON FOREVER? IT DOESN'T SEEM THAT WAY!
m. 29657

ALL THE WAY UP HERE?
LOOK, IT'S THE YOUNG APE!
HE MUST HAVE CLIMBED UP HERE ON H'S NEW MAGIC WEAPON!
WEEKS AGO, HE WAS BOTHERING WITH HIS LIGHT TRICKS NOW HE COMES TO JOIN OUR ORGY!
I AM IMMORTAL, YOU KNOW!
WOULD IT PLEASE YOU TO BE IMMORTAL, TOO?
NO, I DON'T WISH TO LIVE FOR-EVER! TOO LONG!
HH...
Z
WHAT DO YOU SAY? DO YOU THINK THAT'S HIM?
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! LET'S GET HIM!
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

KINGDOM
STEATH
SHIT! THIS IS THE KINGDOM OF YAMA- SAVIOR OF DEATH!
YEAH! AND YOUR TIME ON EARTH IS UP!
I'M IMMORTAL!
I HAVE STUDIED, AND NOW I AM IMMORTAL! AND FRANKLY, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT YAMA!
EXCUSE ME, FELLAS... BUT I CAN'T DIE THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME MISUNDERSTANDING!
I AM NO LONGER MADE UP OF THE FIVE ELEMENTS!
STOK
GAAH!
SGUOSH
UHOO
I WANT TO KNOW WHO THE HELL THIS GUY THINKS HE IS!
JUDGE OF LIFE AND DEATH! A GOD WITH A HAIRY FACE IS ENTERING YOUR CHAMBER WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
LET HIM ENTER

TO BE CONTINUED

Gallery: THE SECRET

Treasure clue paintings by John Jude Palencar from *The Secret.*

© 1982 BYRON PREISS VISUAL PUBLICATIONS, INC

Hold onto your shovel. The treasure hunt madness of *Masquerade*, that British book which turned England into a giant pothole, is about to manifest itself as part of a new American book entitled *The Secret: A Treasure Hunt*

This trade paperback, to be published in November ($9.95/ $10.95 Canada) is the collective handicraft of *Heavy Metal* veterans Sean Kelly (our former Ed.), Ted Mann (of *NatLamp* Mag.), cover sculptress Jo Ellen Trilling (January 1979), long-time

fantasy book producer Byron Preiss, and a trio of phenomenal illustrators: John Jude Palencar (whose full color paintings grace this article), John Pierard, and Overton Loyd.

Not one but *twelve* treasures have been hidden across the United States and Canada as part of this epic treasure hunt. All the reader needs to do to find each of them is to correctly combine one of the twelve paintings in the book with one of the treasure verses: "*At the place where jewels abound/Fifteen rows down to the ground,*" etc.

The treasures, collectively worth over $10,000 in precious jewels, are hidden in hand-painted, hand-cast treasure boxes designed by Ms. Trilling.

Perhaps the nicest thing about *The Secret* is the fact that the treasure hunt is only part of a larger mythology developed in the book. What *The Secret* purports to reveal is the modern story of

THE MAITRE D'EAMON

THE STYLUS DEVIL

THE TYPOGRAPHICAL TERRORS

the world's mythological creatures: whatever happened to the world's goblins, gnomes, fairies, pixies, elves, etc., after Man's civilization began to destroy the natural haven of these creatures —nature.

As the authors of *The Secret* see it, these creatures, predating Man's immigration, headed for America (with their jewels) —where they could make their mischief in peace. Once settled, they mated. The results were some *extraordinary* descendants, to say the least. They might have stayed hidden, too, had not Man arrived in the New World to screw things up again by wreaking havoc on America's forests, lakes, and skies.

With nature shrinking, the fairy creatures and their descendants were forced to make a deal with Man: they would give Man their precious, jeweled treasures (if he could find them) in exchange for the right to live and be seen among Man in peace.

The Secret is thus the pact between the fairies and Man—the buried treasure to be found is their half of the deal. Man's half is keeping an eye out for all the fairy creatures—such as the Maitre D'eamon (who makes sure you get the table near the kitchen), the Stylus Devil (who makes sure your turntable tears your rare *Runt* LP to bits), and the Typographical Terrors (who assault term papers and newspapers with equal ferocity). These and over seventy other creatures have been photographed in their "natural habitats" by Ben Asen, or represented in the art.

The descriptions of these creatures—Tupperwerewolves, Saucier's Apprentices, Elf S. Presley—form a very funny field guide to an entire mythological populace for America, and in the best populist American manner, the authors invite you to send in your own descriptions and drawings of other creatures.

It's quite an adventure.

LIZZIE BORDEN HIGH SCHOOL
A Cut Above The Rest
NATIONAL LAMPOON'S CLASS REUNION
WELCOMES YOU!
ART: BERNI WRIGHTSON
LETTERING + COLORING
MICHELE WRIGHTSON

1972... LIZZIE BORDEN HIGH'S ANNUAL SENIOR BEACH BASH...
ATTABOY, WALTER!!
C'MON, WALTER! DRINK UP!
NO-NO! -BLUB-GLUG- NO!!
C'MON, WALTER! CHUG-CHUG-CHUG!!
NO!! PLEASE-- -GLUB-
HERE, WALTER! HAVE A HIT OF THIS SHIT!! SSSJUCCKK!
DEATHE BREEPLY!! WHOOOOSHH!
CHUG CHUG CHUG
TOKE TOKE
OKAY, WALTER! TIME TO GET UP!!
COME WITH ME, WALTER... THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO TELL YOU... SOMETHING ABOUT MEREDITH...
MUH-- MEREDITH?

THAT'S RIGHT, WALLY! LISTEN, I'VE BEEN TALKING TO HER AND SHE'S KIND OF HOT FOR YOUR BOD!
MUH-MEREDITH MODESS? THE PROM QUEEN? NUH-NO KIDDIN'?
NO KIDDING, WALTER!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, GUY, SHE'S WAITING FOR YOU UP THERE IN THE CAR.
NUDGE
... SHE WANTS TO GIVE YOU A... HAND!!
NOW, SHE'S A LITTLE MODEST SO YOU'LL HAVE TO WEAR THIS.
RUSTLE RUS
... BUT DON'T FEEL LIKE AN ASSHOLE! SHE'LL BE WEARING ONE, TOO..
NOW GO GET HER, YOU HORNY DEVIL!!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
UH-UH-UH-UH..
WALTER?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
MUH-MUH-MEREDITH!!
BU-BUT WHO...?!!
APRIL FOOLS!!
I--I-OH, NO!!

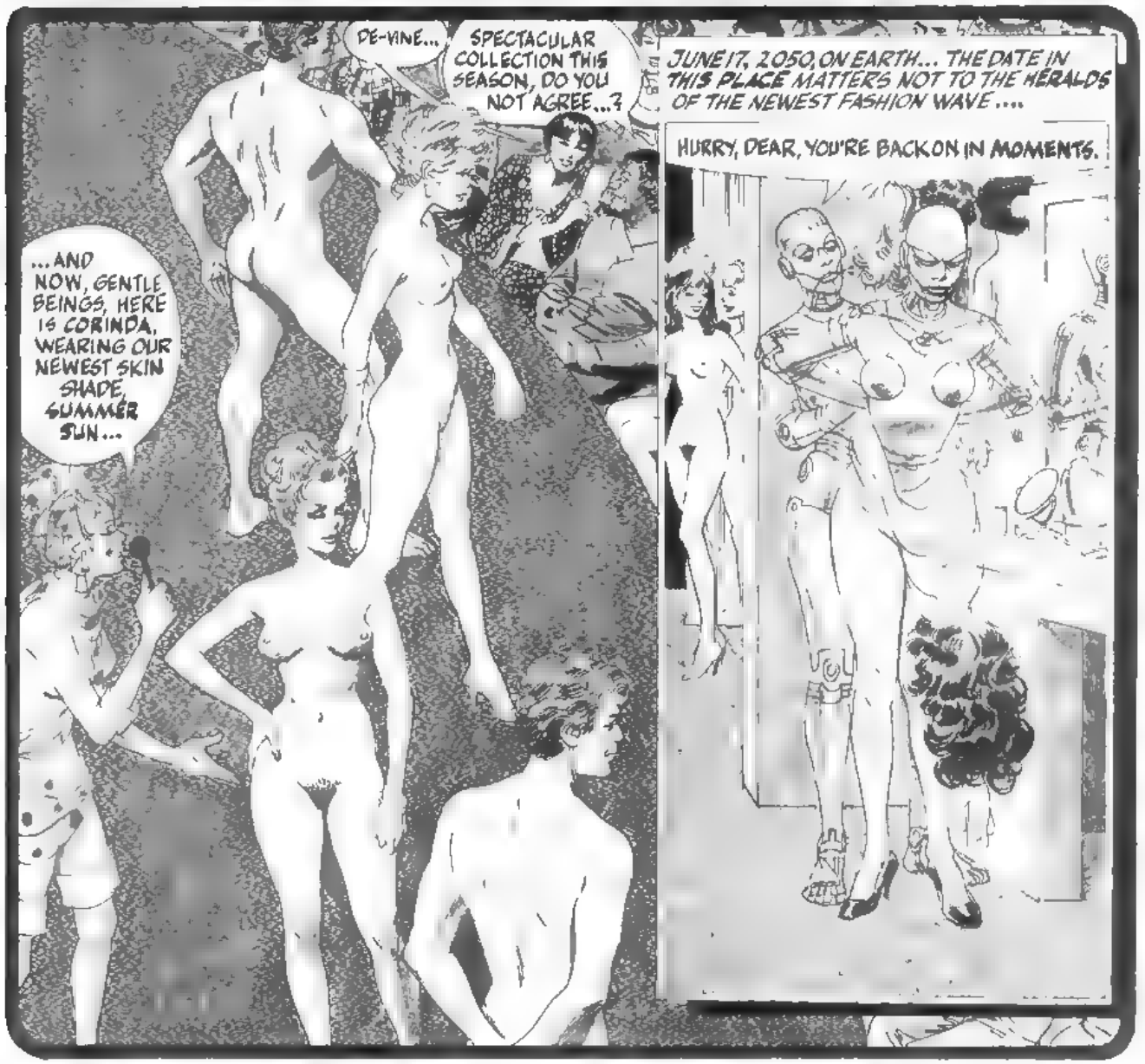
OH MY GOD! MY TWIN SISTER!!
OH, SHAME! SHAME!!
I'LL GET YOU! I'LL GET YOU ALL!!
BOB SPINNAKER
HUBERT DOWNS
MEREDITH MODESS
CARL CLAPTON
GARY NASH
IRIS AUGEN AND ALL THE REST OF YOU!!

OH, WALTER! YOU'RE SUCH A TOOL!
I'LL GET ALL OF YOU! EVERYBODY! YOU HEAR?
EVERYBODY!!
LATER THAT NIGHT...
EV-HEH-HEH EVERYBODY!! HEE-HEE-HEE!
WHO'S AT THE DOOR, GEORGE?
WHY, IT'S OUR SON, WALTER, JUNE!
CREEAK
WHAT'S THAT HE'S HOLDING?
WHY, IT APPEARS TO BE AN UPRIGHT VACUUM CLEANER!
WALTER, WHAT ARE YOU-- WALTER! NO! NOOOO!!
STILL LATER THAT NIGHT...
C'MON, KID, EASY DOES IT'
WE'RE GOIN' FOR A NICE LITTLE RIDE, WALTER..
I'LL GET EVERYBODY! I'LL GET 'EM!! HAH-HAH HAH!!

1982 HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE, WAUKEGAN, ILL.
CLICK
MAIL!
You are invited to a Class Reunion
Class of 1972
MY... REUNION... WHAT... FUN!!

I... HEH... I DON'T THINK I'M BUSY SATURDAY NIGHT! HEH-HEH--HEH--HAH!!
CRASH!
AU REVOIR. HEH-HEH-HEH!
CRASSHH
HEH-HEH-HEH...
I'M COMING... HEH-HEH-HEH!
WALTER BAYLOR'S ON HIS WAY AND YOU ARE INVITED, TO...
ABC MOTION PICTURES and 20th CENTURY FOX'S
NATIONAL LAMPOON'S
CLASS REUNION

JUNE, 2050 by Jack Harris and Gray Morrow


DE-VINE...
SPECTACULAR COLLECTION THIS SEASON, DO YOU NOT AGREE...?
...AND NOW, GENTLE BEINGS, HERE IS CORINDA, WEARING OUR NEWEST SKIN SHADE, SUMMER SUN...
JUNE 17, 2050, ON EARTH... THE DATE IN THIS PLACE MATTERS NOT TO THE HERALDS OF THE NEWEST FASHION WAVE....
HURRY, DEAR, YOU'RE BACK ON IN MOMENTS.

© MICHAEL O'LEARY · BERT WILLIAMS 1982

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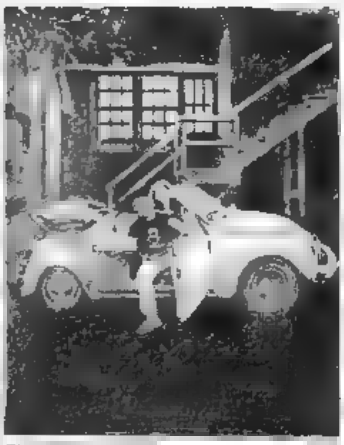
Prologue:

IT IS EARLY EVENING IN A LARGE SOUTHEASTERN CITY. THE DAY'S WARMTH HAS BEGUN TO YIELD TO THE **CHILL OF NIGHT**....

©1982 JOHN FINDLEY



BY THE TIME SHE GETS BACK I'LL HAVE EVERYTHING READY...
MMMPHH!
WHA?!!
GOTCHA!
NO USE STRUGGLIN', MAN. 'CAUSE I GOT, LIKE UH, SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH, OKAY?
I GOT HIM, SWEAZ... HE'S A PUSHOVER! NOW WHAT?
GLURPH! OUCH!!
LET'S GET 'EM BACK T' THE STUDIO, HERP. HE'S GOT WORK T'DO.
HERP? ...SWEAZ!!
JOHN! IT'S, IT'S THEM!
YOU GOT IT, LADY

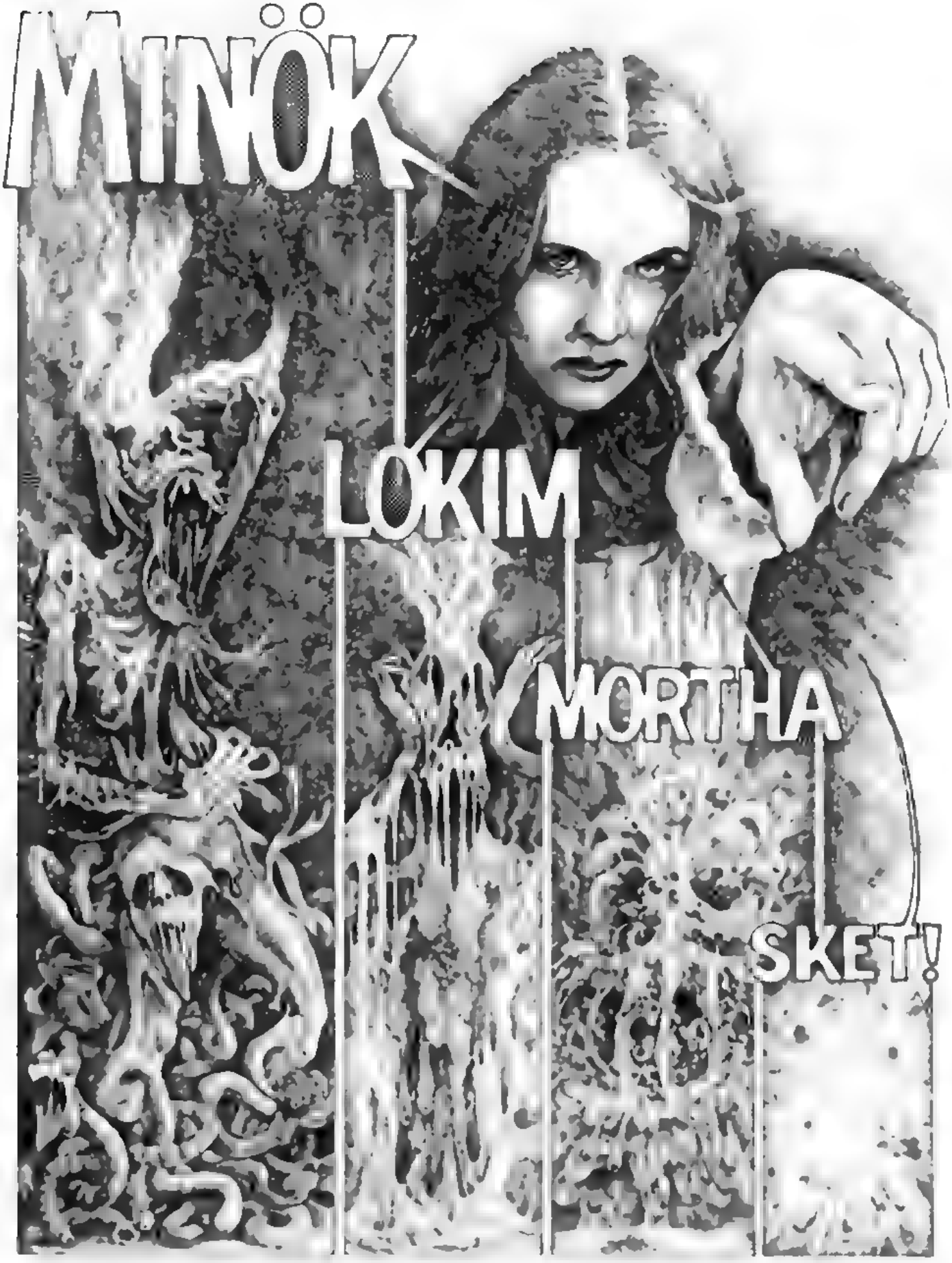
OH! TOUGH GUY, EH?
GIT IN THERE AN' START SCRIBBLIN' PIG-CASSO!
LEAVE HIM ALONE, YOU...YOU BRUTE!
COOL IT, HERP! LET'S GET DOWN T' BUS'NESS.
JUST A DAMN MINUTE!!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
JEEZ, SWEAZ! CAN YA DIG IT? HE DON'T UNNERSTAND!
WE'RE THE ONES YOU LEFT STRANDED DOWN IN THAT STINKIN' CAVERN!
TH'ONE IN TH' CANYON.
YEAH, WITH THAT SCARY YAMMERHANT CREEP!
THAT'S RIGHT... HANGMAN'S CORNERS.
HOLD ON, PARDNERS...
...LET ME FILL HIM IN
YOU, TOO?
SNIFF...UGH! SO IT'S YOU!
I THOUGHT IT WAS THE GARBAGE.
GARBAGE?!!
OOPS!
I, UH, BEEN MEANIN' T'MENTION THAT, C.J....
HOLD IT...WAIT A MINUTE! THIS IS.. NO! I MUST BE DREAMING. OR...OR TRIPPING SOMEHOW. AM I T' UNDERSTAND THAT YOU WANT ME TO, WHAT? START WORKIN' ON TEX ARCANA?
YOU GOT IT, DRAIN BRAIN. WE, LIKE, WANT OUTA THERE. NOW!

YEAH WELL, I'M SORRY BUT I CAN'T I'VE GOT TO FINISH UP THE PIGGY POP CAMPAIGN DUE TOMORROW
AND DON'T FORGET THE BOWL O' COLA PACKAGE ILLUSTRATION
HEAVY DEADLINES PLUS WE GOT A PEPPERONI PIZZA GETTIN COLD IN THE KITCHEN!
THE OLD CLAIM JUMPER
AIN'T YOU HEARD MUSCLE MOUTH? PEPPERONI AIN'T GOOD FOR YOU
'SPECIALLY IF I DECIDE T' PINCH OFF YER HEAD!
THAT'S BETTER! AND SO, LADIES AN' GENTS, WE REJOIN OUR FRIENDS AS THEY LANGUISH IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, TREMBLING IN THE DISGUSTING COMPANY OF THE MONSTER YAMMERMANT, ALONG WITH THE INNOCENT FOLKS FROM HANGMAN'S CORNERS AND THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN IN WHITE...
HM! GARBAGE INDEED!

TEXARCANA

PART NINE

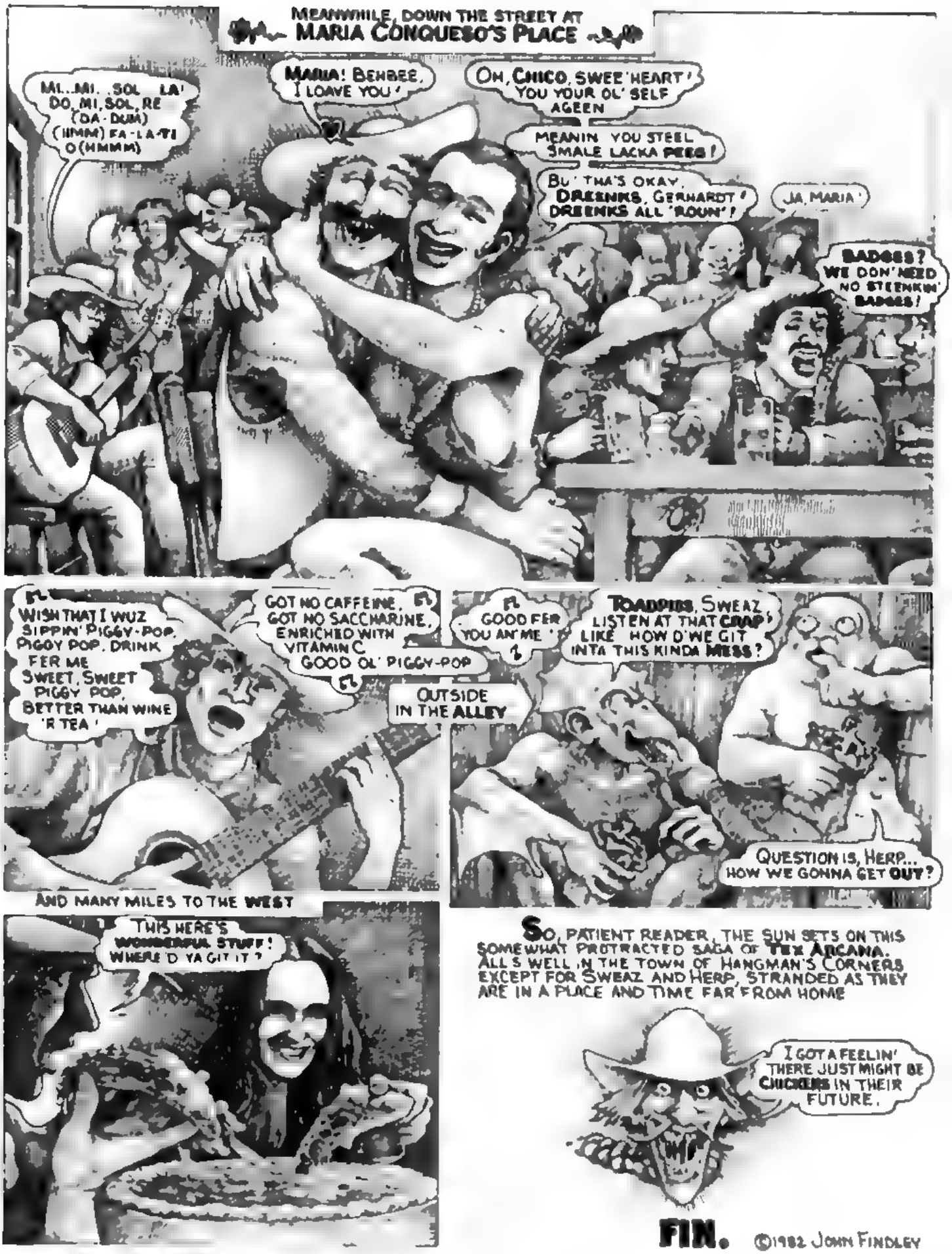
RAPTA
PLAM!
AND THAT!
NABTA RAPTA
YARG!
PLAM!
PLAM!


MINÖK
LÖKIM
MORTHA
SKET!

LORD GOD, SHERIFF! YA PLUMB BLOWED HIM T' SMITHEREENS!!
HE BLOWED UP REAL GOOD! GOT ME A SMITHEREEN OVER HERE!
YUCK!
SHUCKS... T'WEREN'T NOTHIN'

AN' TH' STRANGER! WHY, HE JES' UP AN' DISAPPEARED... LEAVIN' NOTHIN' BUT HIS CLOTHES!
HE SHORE DID! HOWDJA MANAGE THAT, SHERIFF?
SHERIFF?!! MY ANTEDILUVIAN ASS!
THE SHERIFF DIDN' HAVE NOTHIN' T'DO WITH
SHH!
BITE ON IT, SQUIRT! JEST AS QUICK AS I KIN RELOAD I'M TAKIN' CARE O' YOU AN THAT UGLY RUNT BUDDY O' YORE'N.
HOLD ON, SHERIFF THESE LITTLE FELLERS DON'T MEAN NO HARM.
OH, YEAH? AN' WHO MIGHT YOU BE?
(HM! BRAN' NEW... AND WARPED!)

WELL, HOWDY, JED! LAST TIME I SAW YOU, YOU WASN'T NUTHIN' BUT A LITTLE OL' LIZARD
I DON'T WANTA TALK ABOUT IT
LATER, AT THE NOOSE & GIBBET SALOON...
TELL YA WHAT, SHERIFF, MY HAT'S OFF TO YA YOU FLAT KNOW HOW T' CLEAN UP A TOWN.
YEAH, SHERIFF... HERE'S LOOKIN' AT YA'
HERE YA GO, SHERIFF. HAVE ONE ON ME!
THANKS, PILLIARD, BUT I M STICKIN' T COFFEE FROM HERE ON OUT.
YA DONE GOOD, SHERIFF, AN' WE'RE ALL RIGHT PROUD OF YA!
PLUS, MY HICKIES ARE FADIN'.
NOT ONLY THAT, BUT SADIE WON'T BE NEEDIN' THOSE SHOTS!
I COULDNA DONE IT WITHOUT TH' HELP AN' SUPPORT OF ALL O' YOU 'SPECIALLY DOC, HERE, AN' THOSE STRANGE PALS O' HIS
TEX... TEX ARCANA.. AND TH' WOMAN IN WHITE!
YEAH, AN' THEM TWO WEIRD LI'L VARMINTS
WELL, I'D LIKE T' DISCUSS MY DISAPPEARIN' CHICKENS! FIFTEEN HEAD, LAST COUNT
SHERIFF! LORD HELP! SHERIFF!!
GO-OD GRIEF! WHAT NOW?
WHY... IT'S MORT THE UNDERTAKER...
...AND HIS CLOSE BROTHER, GEORGE!
LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE HAD SOME KIND OF INTENSE PERSONAL EXPERIENCE!
BILL! A BRANDY FER MORT.. AN' GEORGE WILL HAVE WINE
SHERIFF (GULP)! YA KNOW ALL THEM FOLKS WHAT GOT KILLED YESTERDAY?
WELL, WE WUZ JUST UP ON TH' HILL BURYIN' 'EM...
...AN' GUESS WHAT! THEY EV'RY ONE OF 'EM'S...
COMIN' BACK T' LIFE!
GOOD AS NEW!
BETTER... SOME OF 'EM.
SO, UH... WE WUZ WONDERIN'.
DO WE STILL GIT PAID?
ER WHAT?


MEANWHILE, DOWN THE STREET AT
MARIA CONQUESO'S PLACE
MI...MI...SOL LA' DO, MI, SOL, RE (DA-DUM) (HMM) FA-LA-TI O (HMMM)
MARIA! BEHBEE, I LOAVE YOU'
OH, CHICO, SWEE'HEART' YOU YOUR OL' SELF AGEEN
MEANIN YOU STEEL SMALE LACKA PEEG!
BU' THA'S OKAY, DREENKS, GERHARDT' DREENKS ALL 'ROUN'!
JA, MARIA'
BADGES? WE DON'NEED NO STEENKIN' BADGES!
WISH THAT I WUZ SIPPIN' PIGGY-POP, PIGGY POP, DRINK FER ME SWEET, SWEET PIGGY POP, BETTER THAN WINE 'R TEA'
GOT NO CAFFEINE, GOT NO SACCHARINE, ENRICHED WITH VITAMIN C, GOOD OL' PIGGY-POP
OUTSIDE IN THE ALLEY
GOOD FER YOU AN' ME'
TOADPIPS, SWEAZ, LISTEN AT THAT CRAP' LIKE HOW D'WE GIT INTA THIS KINDA MESS?
QUESTION IS, HERP... HOW WE GONNA GET OUT?
AND MANY MILES TO THE WEST
THIS HERE'S WONDERFUL STUFF! WHERE'D YA GIT IT?
SO, PATIENT READER, THE SUN SETS ON THIS SOMEWHAT PROTRACTED SAGA OF TEX ARCANA. ALL'S WELL IN THE TOWN OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS EXCEPT FOR SWEAZ AND HERP, STRANDED AS THEY ARE IN A PLACE AND TIME FAR FROM HOME
I GOT A FEELIN' THERE JUST MIGHT BE CHICKENS IN THEIR FUTURE.
FIN.
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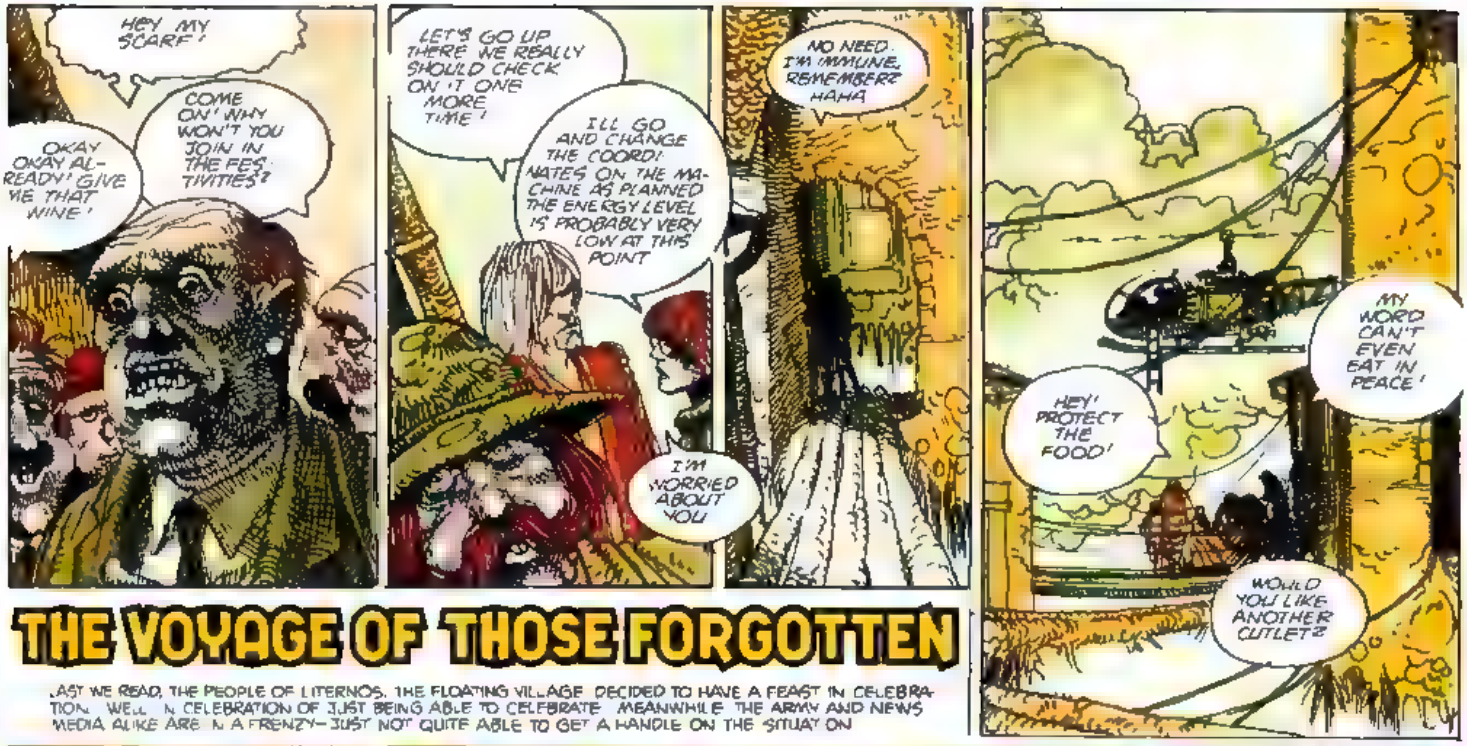
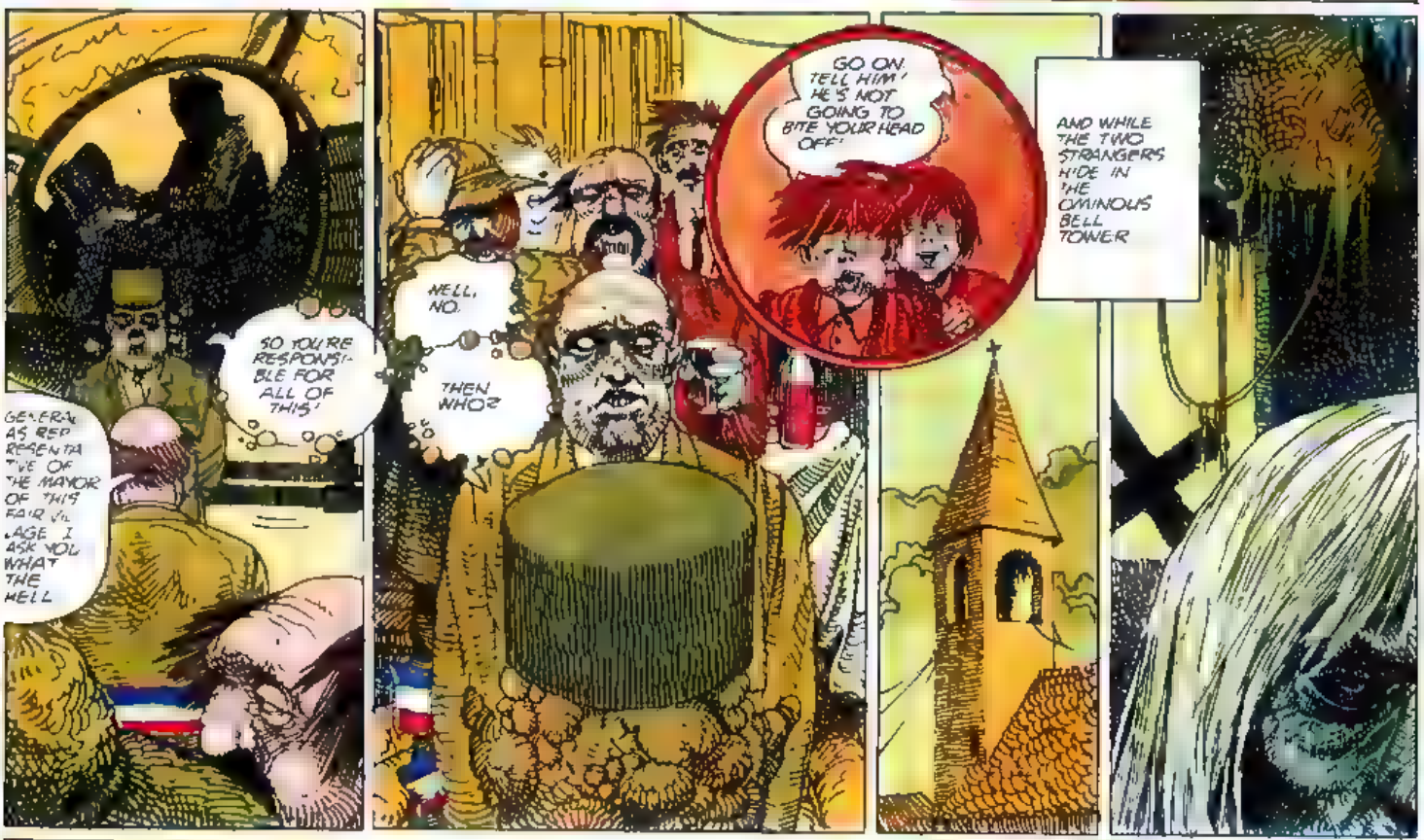
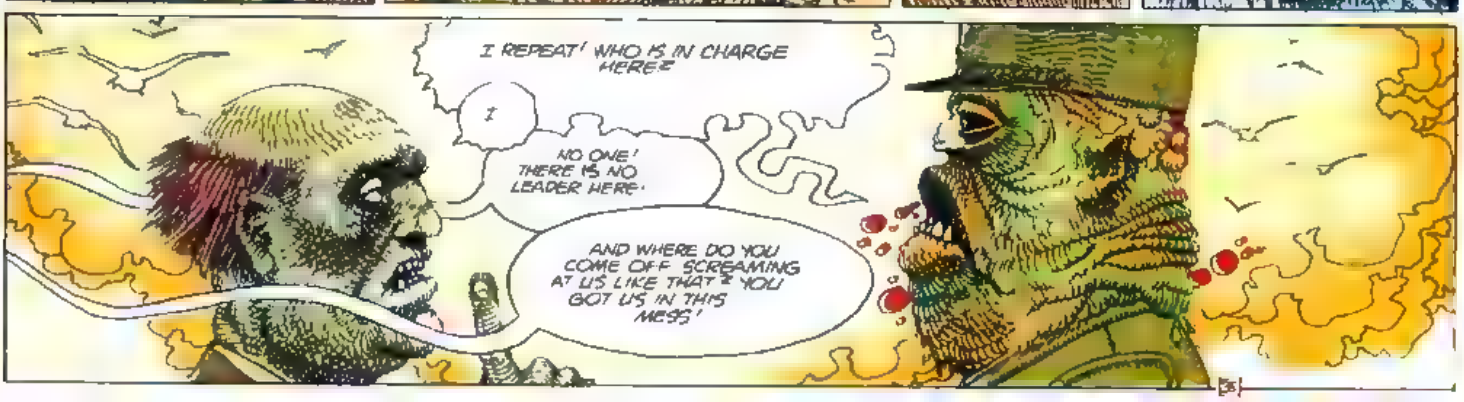

HEY MY SCARF!
COME ON! WHY WON'T YOU JOIN IN THE FES-TIVITIES?
OKAY OKAY AL-READY! GIVE ME THAT WINE!
LET'S GO UP THERE WE REALLY SHOULD CHECK ON IT ONE MORE TIME!
I'LL GO AND CHANGE THE COORDI-NATES ON THE MA-CHINE AS PLANNED THE ENERGY LEVEL IS PROBABLY VERY LOW AT THIS POINT
I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU
NO NEED. I'M IMMUNE, REMEMBER? HAHA
MY WORD CAN'T EVEN EAT IN PEACE!
HEY! PROTECT THE FOOD!
WOULD YOU LIKE ANOTHER OUTLET?

THE VOYAGE OF THOSE FORGOTTEN

LAST WE READ, THE PEOPLE OF LITERNOS, THE FLOATING VILLAGE DECIDED TO HAVE A FEAST IN CELEBRA-TION. WELL, IN CELEBRATION OF JUST BEING ABLE TO CELEBRATE. MEANWHILE, THE ARMY AND NEWS MEDIA ALIKE ARE IN A FRENZY—JUST NOT QUITE ABLE TO GET A HANDLE ON THE SITUATION


SO YOU'RE RESPONSI-BLE FOR ALL OF THIS!
GENERAL, AS REPRESENTA-TIVE OF THE MAYOR OF THIS FAIR VIL-LAGE I ASK YOU WHAT THE HELL
HELL, NO.
THEN WHO?
GO ON, TELL HIM! HE'S NOT GOING TO BITE YOUR HEAD OFF!
AND WHILE THE TWO STRANGERS HIDE IN THE OMINOUS BELL TOWER


I REPEAT! WHO IS IN CHARGE HERE?
I
NO ONE! THERE IS NO LEADER HERE!
AND WHERE DO YOU COME OFF SCREAMING AT US LIKE THAT? YOU GOT US IN THIS MESS!

WE ONLY WANT TO FLOAT IN PEACE WITH OUR FRIENDS! THAT'S ALL!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN THAT'S ALL? I DON'T KNOW HOW YOUR DAMNED VILLAGE GOT UP THERE, BUT I WANT IT BACK DOWN ON THE GROUND RIGHT NOW! DO YOU HEAR ME? AND THAT'S AN ORDER!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, AN ORDER?
WE DON'T TAKE ORDERS!
WHAT DO WE HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO WHEN WE RETURN HOME? A BUNCH OF NOSY JOURNALISTS! LOADS OF TOURISTS I WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH!
WE'LL TALK. I HAVE THE POWER OF PARIS BEHIND ME!
YOU HAVE ALL THAT POWER AND WITH A FACE LIKE THAT?
WE WANT YOU TO STOP ALL OF THOSE CRAZY EXPERIMENTS.
GIVE US BACK OUR POND!
WE WANT YOU TO CLOSE THE MILITARY CAMP AND GET RID OF THAT HORRID BARBED WIRE
NO MORE ARMED GUARDS MILLING ABOUT TOWN!

AND CLEANER WATER WATER THAT WON'T KILL THE FISH!
GENERAL A CALL FOR YOU!
AND NO MORE SCHOOL!
OH, COME ON! WE DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!
BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT THOSE THINGS!
WHAT?
THE FACTORY HAS TAKEN OFF?
YES, MR PRIME MINISTER I UNDERSTAND, MR PRIME MINISTER.
AND THE SUPER MARINA?

NO WAVES. HMMM, THIS SITUATION MUST BE DEALT WITH IN A DIGNIFIED AND CIVIL MANNER PROMISE THEM ANYTHING. I THINK PARIS HAS GONE CRAZY, BUT WHO AM I TO ARGUE?
OKAY, THEN EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER YOU CAN HAVE WHAT YOU'VE ASKED FOR
BUT WE MUST ACT QUICKLY
YOU MEAN, NO SCHOOL?
THAT CAN'T BE!
WILL YOU BRATS GET OUT OF HERE? FIRST OFF, I NEED A GUARANTEE FROM YOU.
BOY, HE'S REALLY UGLY!
YEAH! AND MEAN, TOO!
IT'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE JUST HOOK THE ISLAND TO THE HELICOPTERS AND SET US BACK DOWN ON THE GROUND!
SET ME DOWN RIGHT HERE! I'LL GIVE THE ORDERS!
AND WHO ARE YOU? WE'LL DO IT MY WAY, THANK YOU. OKAY, MEN.. LET'S HOOK THE ISLAND.
AND BY THE WAY DON'T FORGET THAT WE CAN MAKE THIS WHOLE COUNTRY FLOAT, IF YOU DON'T RESPECT YOUR COMMITMENTS!
GENERAL! DON'T YOU SEE? HE'S THE ONE WHO THOUGHT THIS WHOLE THING UP!
SHUT UP, WISE GUY! AND IF YOU DON'T, WHO KNOWS WHAT UNSPEAKABLE ACTS I MIGHT COMMIT ON YOUR PERSON!

AND A LITTLE LATER ON DURING THE QUIET CALM OF THE AFTERNOON THE CLUMSY HELICOPTERS TOOK FLIGHT

READY TO HOOK THEMSELVES ONTO THE ISLAND OF LITERNOS, WHOSE PEOPLE ARE NOW TAKING THEIR LAST GASP OF SWEET AIR

CAN I GIVE YOU A HAND?

NO! WE WOULDN'T WANT TO DISTURB YOU!

. BEFORE RETURNING TO THEIR ONCE-ABANDONED HOME

THE JOURNALISTS HAVE BEEN BUSY

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THEY'RE GOING TO THINK MY PHOTOS HAVE BEEN TOUCHED UP? OF COURSE THEY HAVEN'T BEEN

CALM DOWN! A LOT OF THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE LOST INTEREST AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE FOOLS OUT OF OURSELVES BY BLOWING THIS WAY OUT OF PROPORTION! THE STORY HAS BEEN REDUCED TO A COLUMN ON PAGE FIVE

AND THE TITLE WILL READ "COLLECTIVE HALLUCINATION OR OPTICAL ILLUSION?"

THE RADIOS

THIS JUST IN. IT SEEMS THAT THOSE RUMORS THAT WERE SPREADING ABOUT LITERNOS, THE FLOATING ISLAND

HAVE BEEN PROVEN TO BE JUST THAT, RUMORS

CITY HALL

GENTLEMEN, THE ARMY HAS TAKEN CARE OF THE ENTIRE MISUNDERSTANDING, AND EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE RUNNING SMOOTHLY.

WHAT TERRIFIC NEWS!

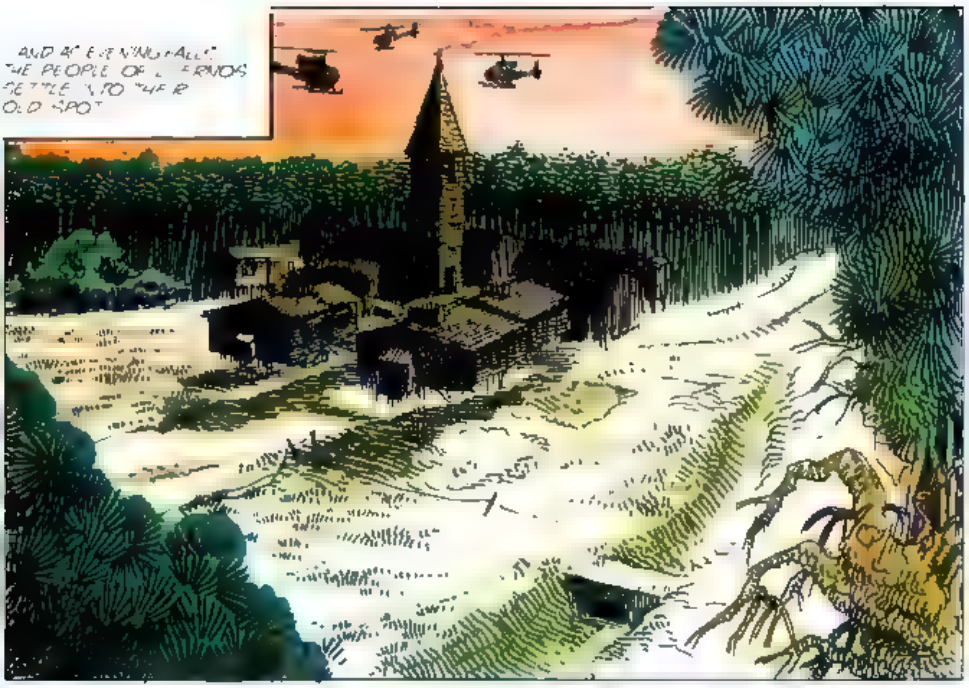
YEAH, BUT IT SURE RUINED MY SUNDAY

AND AT THE FRENCH TELEVISION BROADCASTING NETWORK

I TOLD YOU IT WAS JUST A HOAX!

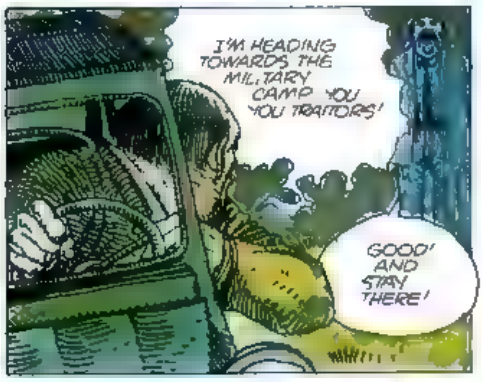
THAT'S JUST FINE WITH ME I HAVE A GREAT RUGBY MATCH HERE

SOME GREAT GOALS

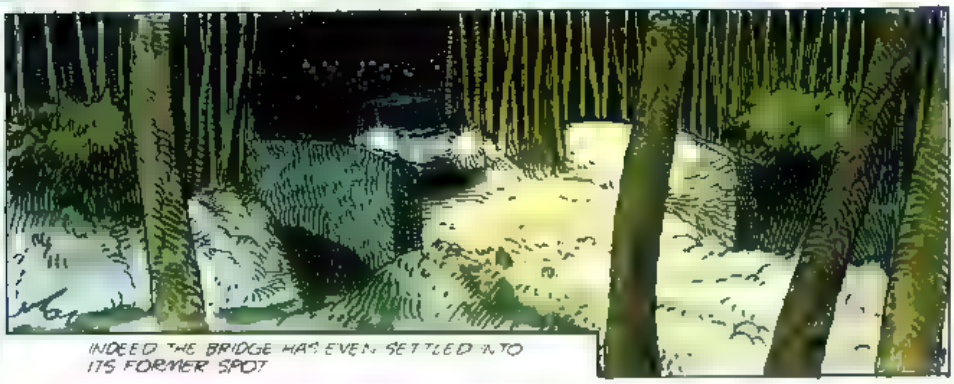


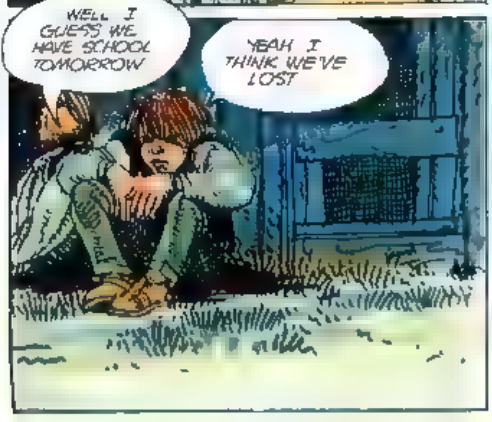
SLOWLY FEELING AS IF NOTHING HAD EVER HAPPENED THE BUZZING HELICOPTERS WERE ON THEIR WAY HOME
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CROSSING THAT WAS
YES, IT WAS MAGNIFICENT

WELL I'M GOING TO SEE MY ANIMALS!
YOU KNOW, I THINK I GOT A LITTLE DRUNK FROM THAT WINE!
COME ON, LET'S FINISH UP THE BOTTLE IT'S THE LAST ONE

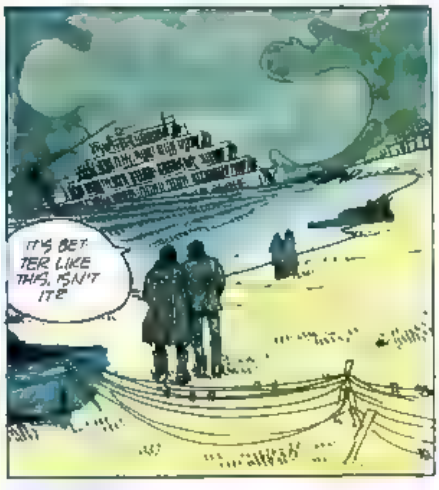


I HAD A NIGHTMARE DURING MY NAP I DREAMT WE WERE FLYING TOPSY-TURVY, ALL OVER THE PLACE BUT ALL OF THAT NONSENSE, IS OVER, ISN'T IT?
YES, IT'S OVER! DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING! DRINK YOUR SOUP!





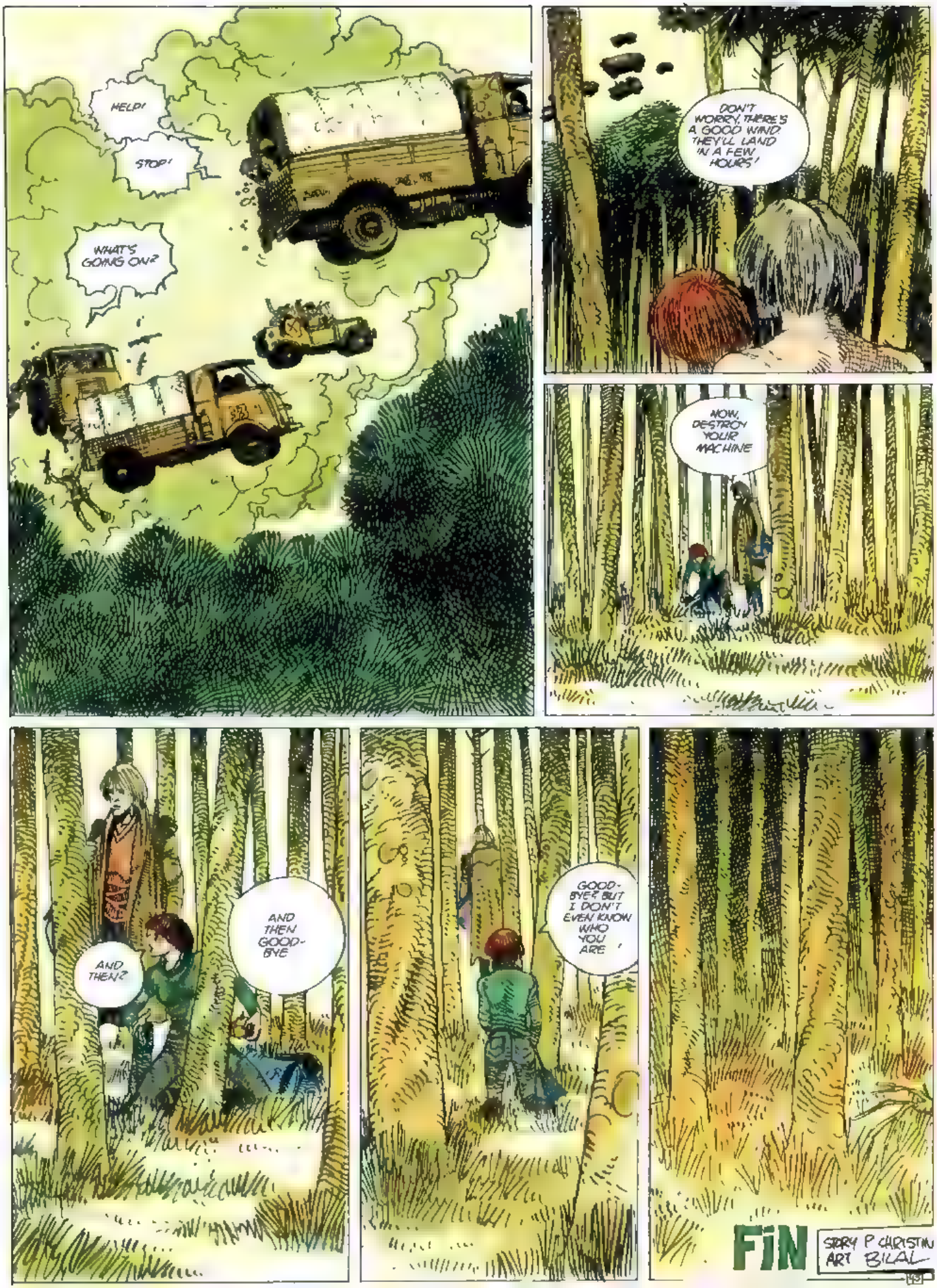
AS HAS THE MARINA



OR LIKE THE PAPER FACTORY

AND SOMEWHERE UNDER THE DEEP EARTH
ORDERS FROM PARIS. THE CAMP MUST BE EVACUATED BY TOMORROW MORNING. CONNECT THE SELF DESTRUCTION DEVICES. THIS EXPERIMENT HAS DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE! LOOK AT US! LOOK AT US! I WANT THIS CAMP BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS AT 0800 HOURS TOMORROW!
IT WAS GREAT FUN WHILE IT LASTED!
AND IN THE BELL TOWER THAT HAS BEEN ANONYMOUS FOR SO LONG
WE MUST ACT QUICKLY FOR THE MOMENT THE AUTHORITIES ARE IGNORING US. BUT AFTER A WHILE THEY'LL COME AFTER US AGAIN. WE MUST LEAVE NO TRACES.
I CAN'T BELIEVE OUR MISSION IS ALMOST OVER
AND AS THEY PREPARE THEIR DISAPPEARANCE
I KNOW.
DON'T FEAR THE TOWNSPEOPLE. THEY'RE INNOCENT, AND THE COPS KNOW THAT. YOU KNOW WHAT'S LEFT FOR YOU AND ME TO DO.
AND THE NEXT DAY AT DAWN. SOMEWHERE OFF AN ISOLATED ROAD
WE MUST FIND THOSE THOSE TWO THOSE TWO HOOLIGANS!
YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN THINKING. SCIENCE WILL HAVE A FIELD DAY WITH OUR BODIES WHEN THIS WHOLE MESS IS THROUGH!
COME ON! GO ON! I'M YOUR ONLY WITNESS!
THEY GOT READY TO DECAMP
THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY. THE BLOCKHOUSE AND THE TANKS ARE ABOUT TWO MILES UNDERGROUND.
AND WHAT WILL BECOME OF US WHEN ALL THIS IS THROUGH?
WE MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN PRETTY THEN, BUT WE WERE PALATABLE.
LOOK!

IT'S THEM! I'M CERTAIN!
I'D KNOW THEM ANY-WHERE!
COME ON, QUICK!
MY THINGS!
AND NOW FOR ONCE I DON'T HAVE ANY ORDERS SO I'LL GIVE SOME MY WAY!
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
FIRE!
RAC RAC RAC
QUICK! THE MACHINE! I'M SURE I CAN GET IT TO RUN ONE MORE TIME EVEN WITH OUTSIDE ENERGY


HELP!
STOP!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
DON'T WORRY, THERE'S A GOOD WIND. THEY'LL LAND IN A FEW HOURS!
NOW, DESTROY YOUR MACHINE
AND THEN? AND THEN GOOD-BYE
GOOD-BYE BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO YOU ARE
FIN
STORY P CHRISTIN
ART BILAL

MEN! WOMEN! ANDROIDS! ROBOTS! PSEUDO-HUMANS! EXTRATERRESTRIALS! ARE YOU ALWAYS PROPERLY ATTIRED FOR ANY FUNCTION ON ANY WORLD?
ON BRIGHT DESERT PLANETS, DOES THE LIGHT OF A RED SUN BOUNCE OFF THE FRONT OF YOUR DURABLE COTTON HEAVY METAL CAPTAIN STERNN T-SHIRT?...
NOT TO MENTION THE BACK?
ON THE DARK SIDES OF VARIOUS MOONS, ARE YOU ALWAYS RADIANT IN YOUR OFFICIAL HEAVY METAL T-SHIRT... IN BLACK OR RED?
HEAVY METAL
DO YOU LAUGH AT THE COLD AND FIERCE DESERT WINDS ON FROZEN PLANETOIDS WHEN YOU'RE WEARING YOUR SILVER HEAVY METAL JACKET?
HEAVY METAL
DOES YOUR BRONZE HEAVY METAL BELT BUCKLE KEEP YOUR PANTS FROM FALLING DOWN TO YOUR TWO-OR MORE-ANKLES WHILE YOU RUN AROUND THE UNIVERSE?
WELL, IF NOT, WRAP YOUR TENTACLES AROUND A PAIR OF SCISSORS AND CLIP THIS COUPON. ORDER YOUR HEAVY METAL APPAREL TODAY!
OR HOP IN A TIME MACHINE AND GO BACK AND ORDER HM-WEAR YESTERDAY!
HEAVY METAL
HEAVY METAL, DEPT 1082
635 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, NY 10022
PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING ITEMS
_____ CAPTAIN STERNN T-SHIRTS ___ SMALL ___ MEDIUM ___ LARGE AT $6.00 EACH PLUS $1.50 FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.
_____ HEAVY METAL T-SHIRTS ___ SMALL ___ MEDIUM ___ LARGE AT $7.50 EACH (POSTAGE AND HANDLING ARE INCLUDED IN PRICE)
_____ HEAVY METAL JACKETS ___ SMALL ___ MEDIUM ___ LARGE AT $36.00 EACH. (POSTAGE AND HANDLING ARE INCLUDED IN PRICE.)
_____ HEAVY METAL BELT BUCKLES AT $10.95 EACH. (POSTAGE AND HANDLING ARE INCLUDED IN PRICE.)
NEW YORK STATE RESIDENTS ADD APPLICABLE SALES TAX.
TOTAL ENCLOSED_____
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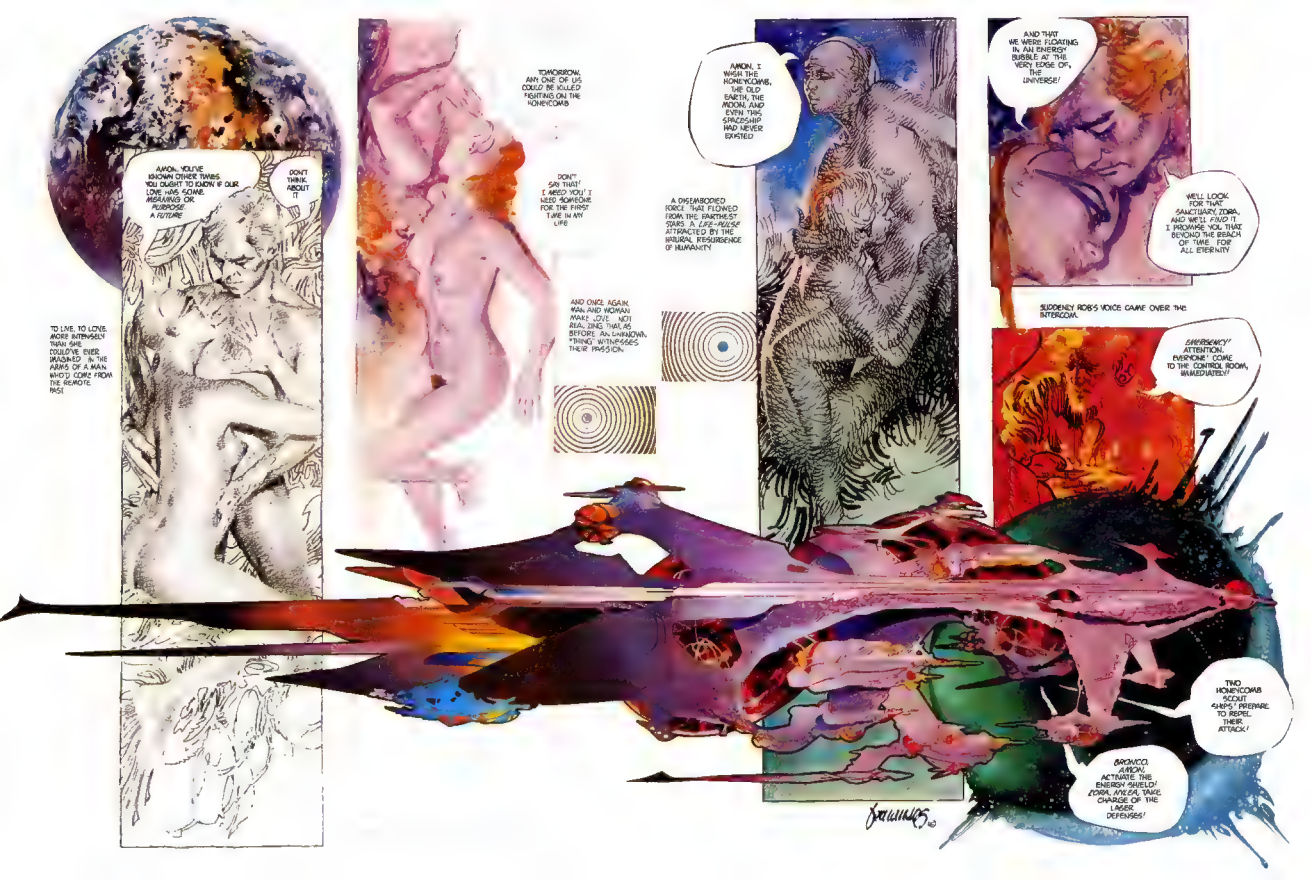
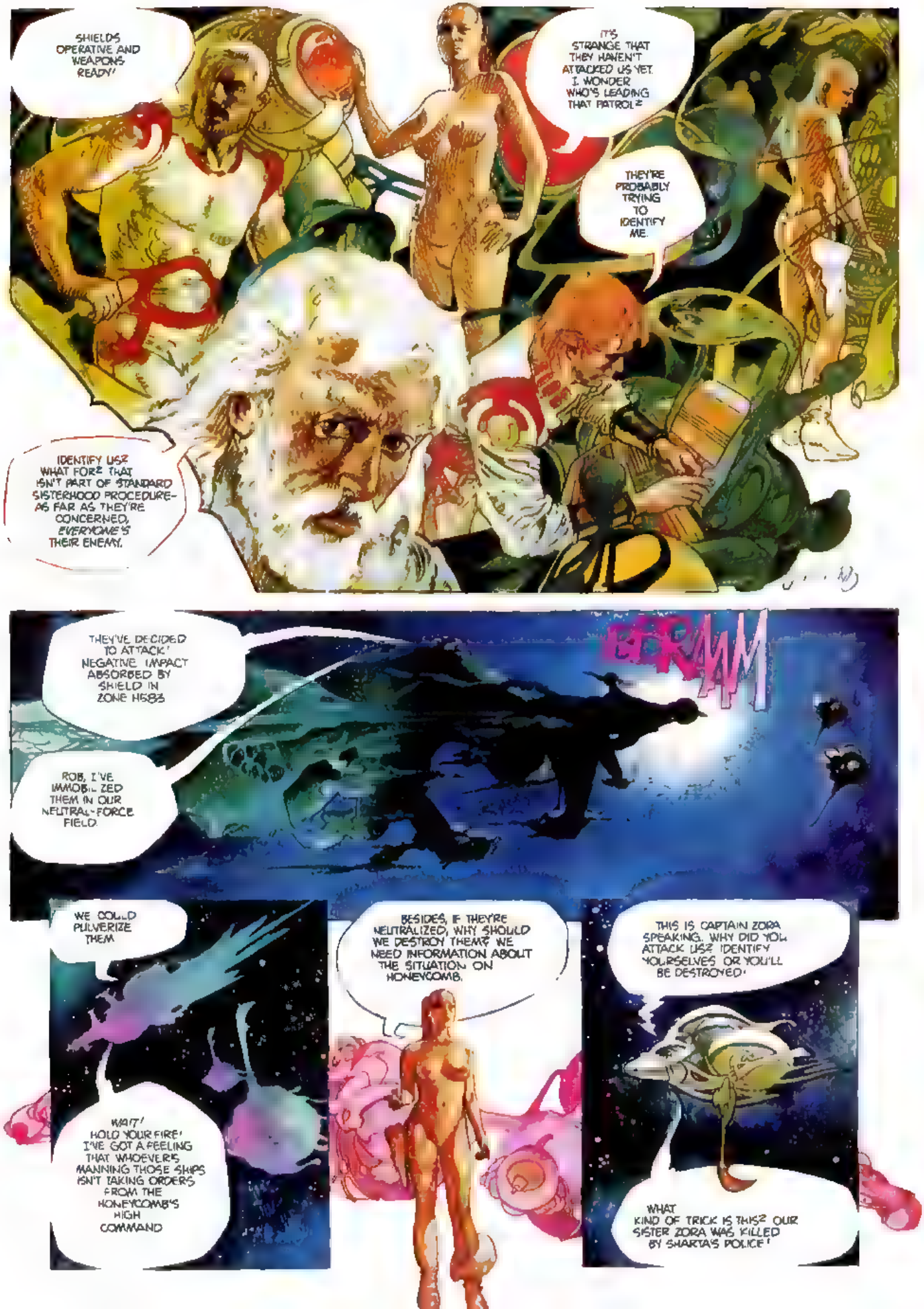
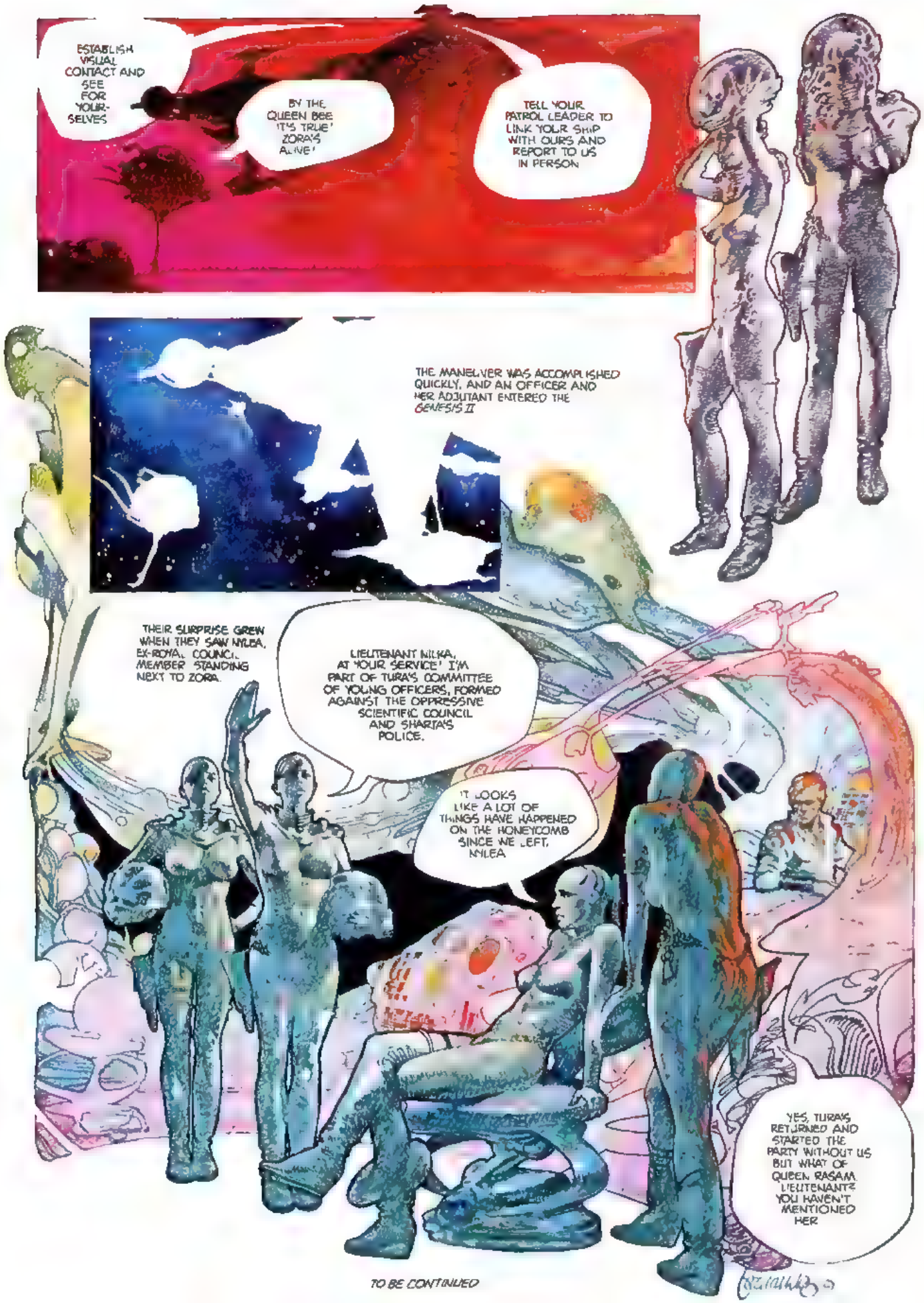
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB SMITH

ZORA
SO FAR AFTER AN EVENTFUL CROSS EARTH TREK IN SEARCH OF THEIR LAST REMAINING MEANS OF ESCAPE–THE ABANDONED GENESIS II SPACECRAFT–ZORA AND HER INDOMITABLE COMRADES FIND THE SHIP AND TAKE OFF, RUINING THE DINNER PLANS OF A MUTANT CANNIBAL TRIBE
ZORA, YOU'RE TREMBLING! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I'M VERY HAPPY WHEN I'M AT YOUR SIDE, AMON. BUT SOMETIMES I HAVE THESE TERRIBLE THOUGHTS. WHY DID I DISOBEY ORDERS AND NOT DESTROY YOUR HIBERNATION PODS?
WHY DID I REVIVE YOU FIRST AND NOT ONE OF THE OTHERS? HOW COULD I REBEL AGAINST WHAT I'VE BEEN TAUGHT MY WHOLE LIFE? BECAUSE OF THE SUSPICIONS OF ONE OF MY COMRADES? NO. MY WORLD WAS SO PERFECT, SO UNCOMPLICATED, SO COMPLETE. SOMETHING OR SOMEONE INFLUENCED MY DECISIONS, BUT HOW. AND WHY?
FOR ZORA THE BARRIERS BETWEEN THEM WERE UNBREACHABLE. THOUSANDS OF YEARS SEPARATED THEM. DISTANT WORLDS AND DIFFERENT SOCIETIES. SHE COULDN'T BELIEVE IN "DESTINY" OR "CHANCE." THEY WEREN'T LOGICAL CONCEPTS. OVER THIS SHE ANGUISHED.
SOMETHING THAT CAME FROM AFAR. LIKE HER GUILT FEELINGS OVER THE BREAKDOWN OF HER DISCIPLINED OBEDIENCE FOR HAVING CONCEALED DISAGREEMENTS WITH HER SUPERIORS. SOMETHING INDEFINABLE HAD PRESERVED HER INDIVIDUALITY.
WE SHOULDN'T ASK, DARLING.
WE SHOULDN'T SEEK IMPOSSIBLE ANSWERS.
WE SHOULD JUST BE HAPPY WE'RE ALIVE!


AMON, YOU'VE KNOWN OTHER TIMES YOU OUGHT TO KNOW IF OUR LOVE HAS SOME MEANING OR PURPOSE A FUTURE
DON'T THINK ABOUT IT
TO LIVE. TO LOVE. MORE INTENSELY THAN EVER. COULD'VE EVER IMAGINED. IN THE ARMS OF A MAN WHO'D COME FROM THE REMOTE PAST
TOMORROW, ANY ONE OF US COULD BE KILLED FIGHTING ON THE HONEYCOMB
DON'T SAY THAT! I NEED YOU! I NEED SOMEONE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE
AMON, I WISH THE HONEYCOMB, THE OLD EARTH, THE MOON, AND EVEN THIS SPACESHIP HAD NEVER EXISTED
A DISEMBODIED FORCE THAT FLOWED FROM THE FARTHEST STARS A FORCE ATTRACTED BY THE NATURAL RESURGENCE OF HUMANITY
AND ONCE AGAIN, MAN AND WOMAN MAKE LOVE. NOT REALIZING THAT, AS BEFORE, AN SHADOWY "THING" WITNESSES THEIR PASSION
AND THAT WE WERE FLOATING IN AN ENERGY BUBBLE AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE!
WE'LL LOOK FOR THAT SANCTUARY, ZORA, AND WE'LL FIND IT. I PROMISE YOU THAT BEYOND THE BRANCH OF TIME. FOR ALL ETERNITY
SUDDENLY ROB'S VOICE CAME OVER THE INTERCOM.
EMERGENCY! ATTENTION, EVERYONE! COME TO THE CONTROL ROOM, IMMEDIATELY!
TWO HONEYCOMB SCOUT SHIPS! PREPARE TO REPEL THEIR ATTACK!
BRONCO, AARON, ACTIVATE THE ENERGY SHIELD! ZORA, ARLEAL, TAKE CHARGE OF THE LASER DEFENSES!


SHIELDS OPERATIVE AND WEAPONS READY!
IT'S STRANGE THAT THEY HAVEN'T ATTACKED US YET. I WONDER WHO'S LEADING THAT PATROL?
THEY'RE PROBABLY TRYING TO IDENTIFY ME.
IDENTIFY US? WHAT FOR? THAT ISN'T PART OF STANDARD SISTERHOOD PROCEDURE— AS FAR AS THEY'RE CONCERNED, EVERYONE'S THEIR ENEMY.
THEY'VE DECIDED TO ATTACK! NEGATIVE IMPACT ABSORBED BY SHIELD IN ZONE H583
BERWM
ROB, I'VE IMMOBILIZED THEM IN OUR NEUTRAL-FORCE FIELD.
WE COULD PULVERIZE THEM.
BESIDES, IF THEY'RE NEUTRALIZED, WHY SHOULD WE DESTROY THEM? WE NEED INFORMATION ABOUT THE SITUATION ON HONEYCOMB.
THIS IS CAPTAIN ZORA SPEAKING. WHY DID YOU ATTACK US? IDENTIFY YOURSELVES OR YOU'LL BE DESTROYED!
WAIT! HOLD YOUR FIRE! I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT WHOEVER'S MANNING THOSE SHIPS ISN'T TAKING ORDERS FROM THE HONEYCOMB'S HIGH COMMAND
WHAT KIND OF TRICK IS THIS? OUR SISTER ZORA WAS KILLED BY SHARTA'S POLICE!


ESTABLISH VISUAL CONTACT AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES
BY THE QUEEN BEE! IT'S TRUE! ZORA'S ALIVE!
TELL YOUR PATROL LEADER TO LINK YOUR SHIP WITH OURS AND REPORT TO US IN PERSON
THE MANEUVER WAS ACCOMPLISHED QUICKLY, AND AN OFFICER AND HER ADJUTANT ENTERED THE GENESIS II
THEIR SURPRISE GREW WHEN THEY SAW NYLEA, EX-ROYAL COUNCIL MEMBER STANDING NEXT TO ZORA.
LIEUTENANT NILKA, AT YOUR SERVICE! I'M PART OF TURA'S COMMITTEE OF YOUNG OFFICERS, FORMED AGAINST THE OPPRESSIVE SCIENTIFIC COUNCIL AND SHARTA'S POLICE.
IT LOOKS LIKE A LOT OF THINGS HAVE HAPPENED ON THE HONEYCOMB SINCE WE LEFT, NYLEA
YES, TURA'S RETURNED AND STARTED THE PARTY WITHOUT US BUT WHAT OF QUEEN RASAM, LIEUTENANT? YOU HAVEN'T MENTIONED HER
TO BE CONTINUED

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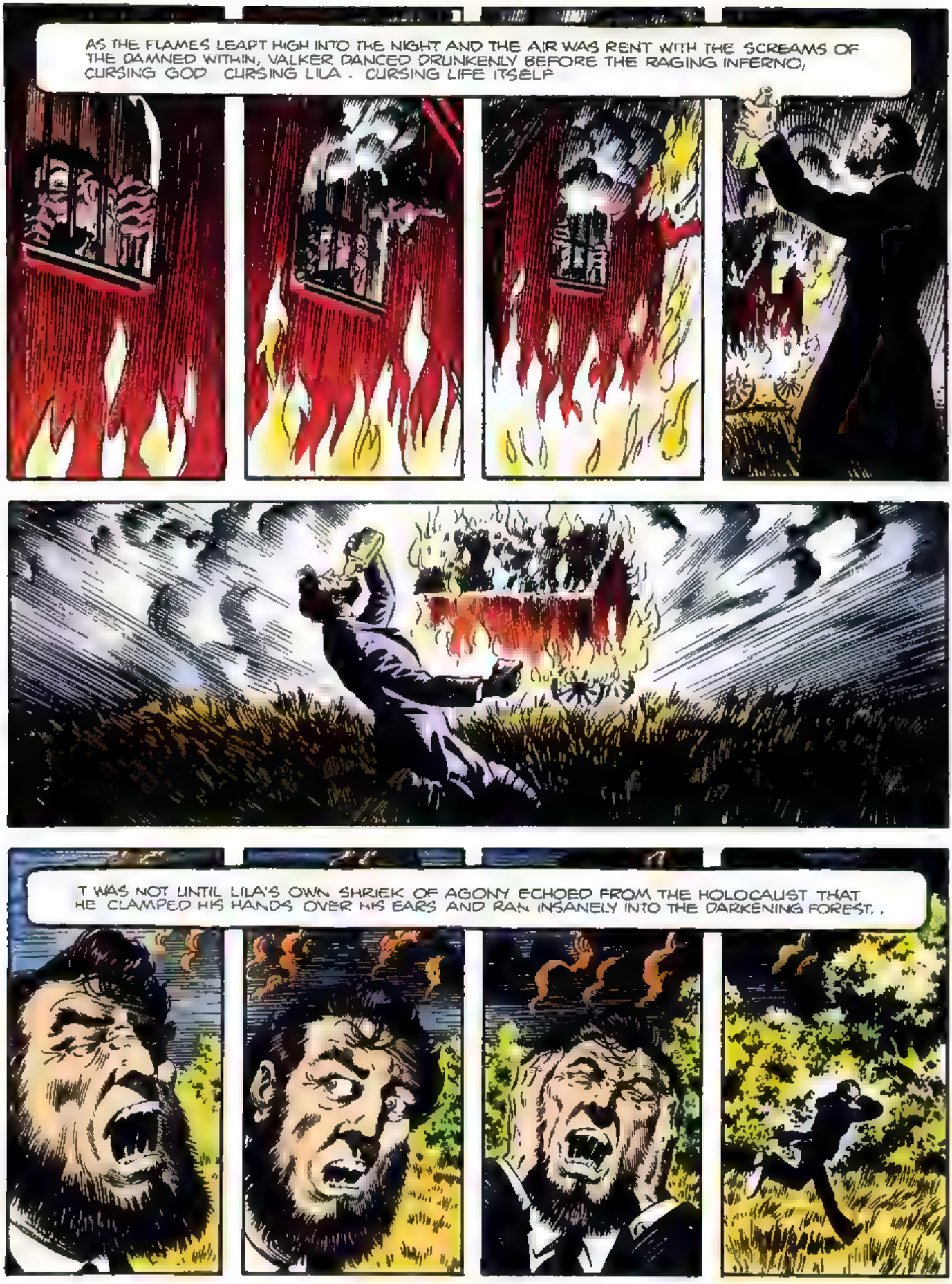
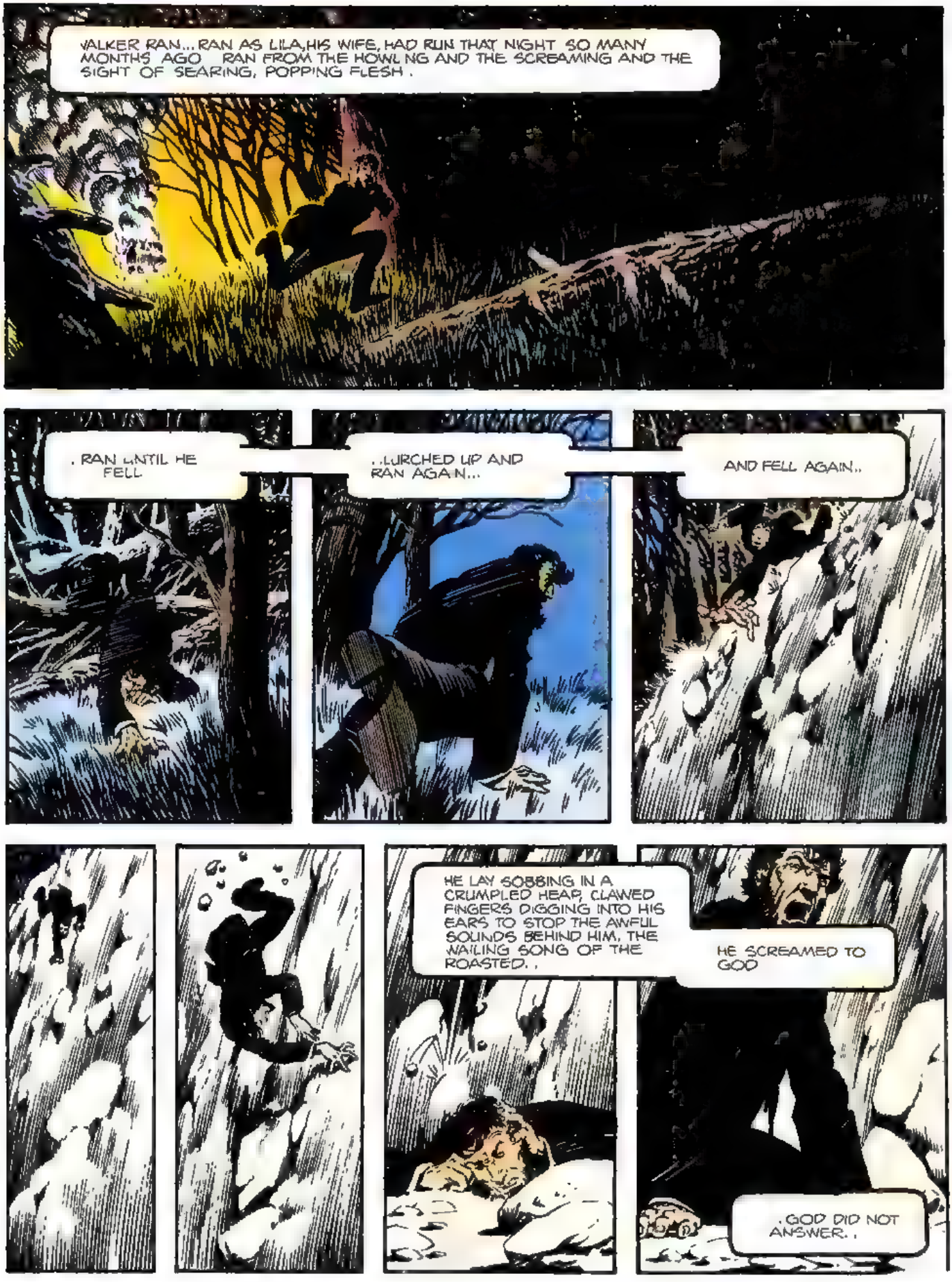
FREAK SHOW

THE STORY SO FAR. THE TOWNSPEOPLE CONTINUED TO LISTEN TO THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER'S TALE OF VALKER AND HIS WRETCHES. VALKER HAD AWAKENED FROM A DRUNKEN STUPOR HOPING TO SEE HIS NEWBORN CHILD FOR THE FIRST TIME. HE BEHELD A HORRIBLY DEFORMED BABY GIRL AND BECAME ENRAGED.

HAD A HOT TIME WITH HER, DID YOU? HAD A REAL HOT TIME?
WE'LL SEE HOW HOT YOU LIKE IT! ALL OF YOU!
'INSIDE'! INSIDE! DAMN YOUR SOULS!
MASTER, NO—
I SAID... ALL OF YOU!
MASTER, PLEASE!
PLEASE? HEH-HEH PLEASE? IS THAT WHAT YOU SAID TO THE WHORING BITCH?
CLIK
DID YOU ASK HER, "PLEASE!". HEH-HEH. DID YOU?
DID YOU?
HEH-HEH.


AS THE FLAMES LEAPT HIGH INTO THE NIGHT AND THE AIR WAS RENT WITH THE SCREAMS OF THE DAMNED WITHIN, VALKER DANCED DRUNKENLY BEFORE THE RAGING INFERNO, CURSING GOD CURSING LILA . CURSING LIFE ITSELF
IT WAS NOT UNTIL LILA'S OWN SHRIEK OF AGONY ECHOED FROM THE HOLOCAUST THAT HE CLAMPED HIS HANDS OVER HIS EARS AND RAN INSANELY INTO THE DARKENING FOREST. .


VALKER RAN... RAN AS LILA, HIS WIFE, HAD RUN THAT NIGHT SO MANY MONTHS AGO RAN FROM THE HOWL NG AND THE SCREAMING AND THE SIGHT OF SEARING, POPPING FLESH .
. RAN UNTIL HE FELL
..LURCHED UP AND RAN AGAIN...
AND FELL AGAIN..
HE LAY SOBBING IN A CRUMPLED HEAP, CLAWED FINGERS DIGGING INTO HIS EARS TO STOP THE AWFUL SOUNDS BEHIND HIM, THE WAILING SONG OF THE ROASTED. .
HE SCREAMED TO GOD
. GOD DID NOT ANSWER. .

THE FOREST SHUDDERED UNDER THE ROCKING THUD OF THUNDER LIGHTNING THREADED THE ROLLING SKY
RAIN DESCENDED IN A SUDDEN BLANKET THE DIRT BENEATH HIS KNEES TURNED TO MUD.
IN THE DISTANCE BEYOND THE VEIL OF RAIN, BEYOND THE FRINGE OF HIS WANING SANITY, THE SCREAMING WAVERED FELL AND FINALLY, MERCIFULLY
.. STOPPED..

YEARS PASSED VALKER WANDERED THE BREADTH OF EUROPE IN A MISTED WORLD OF ALCOHOL AND ISOLATION .
A DRUNKARD...
...A LONER ..
... A WRETCH
DAYS MELTED INTO UNENDING BOUTS WITH THE CHEAPEST WINE...
.. NIGHTS FILLED HIS ROOMS WITH END-LESS IMAGES OF SCREAMING, BURN-ING, MISSHAPEN BODIES.

TIME DIS-SOLVED
LFE BLURRED
VALKER DISS.PATED.
MY FRIENS I WUD BEG YER (HIC) KINE INDUL-GENCE
I OFFER YOJ A LEZZUN IN (HIC) HOOMANITY
CLINK
LET THESH WRETCHES WHO CL NG TOGETHER REMIND YOU OF (HIC) YER
, GOOD FORTUNE ,

IT ENDED IN THE GUTTER. HE DIDN'T KNOW THE NAME OF THE TOWN OR EVEN THE COUNTRY. HE WAS OUT OF MONEY, OUT OF WINE, OUT OF THE WILL TO LIVE. HE LAY THERE ON HIS CHEST. EYES GLAZED, FIXED DELIRIOUSLY ON THE REFLECTION OF THE MOON IN THE GUTTER WATER, STARING DOWN ON HIM LIKE A COLD, REPREHENSIVE EYE..
HE PRAYED TO GOD FOR DEATH
WHA-? WHOZAT?
A-AN ANGEL? COME TO CLAIM MY SOUL?.
WEEP NO MORE, CHILD.

I
AM
COME

HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL '77: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Roger the paranoid puppet," Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival and more

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo s "Rock blitz," highly praised "Shells." beginning of Davis s "World Apart, Moebius Corben Bodé, more

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius "Arzach " part 1 of "The Long Tomorrow", conclusion of "Sunpot "

#5/AUGUST '77: The saga of Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart' and 'Den' continue

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera plus more 'World Apart ' "Den," and " Polonius "

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon Moebius s "Airtight Garage," 'Den ' and "Polonius" back again yet more

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for "Polonius" and ' World Apart '

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete 'Vuzz,' by Druillet, Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben Macedo Claveloux, and Moebius

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny Lob and P chard update *Ulysses*, Conquering Armies' concludes 'Den' continues

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," wraparound cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben, et al

#12/MARCH '78: Swashbuckling Orion" debuts courtesy of Gray Morrow, more Barbarella ' 'Urm,' and 'Den

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30 page insert from Paradise 9, ' and "Barbarel a gives birth, while 'Den" wraps it up

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad waves bye bye but ' Orion and 'Barbarella' continue and A ex Nino tips h s hat

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic More Than Human is illustrated more Barbarella, ' and the origins of 'Heilman

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for Barbarella a sad ending for 1996 ' resumption of Druillet s Gail," more "Heilman, ' 'Orion,' More Than Human, ' and Corben's Arabian Nights '

#17/AUGUST '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated ' Glass Goblin debut of McKie s "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus usual

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more Sindbad, ' "Exterminator, Major Grubert, "He lman' 's final rebirth, more

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with 'Orion,' Kirchner's Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts here and Druillet concludes "Gal plus McKie and Corben How much can you take?

#23/FEBRUARY '79: Galactic Geographic " 'Starcrown ' Corben s Sindbad, McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination, ' 'Starcrown ' II and Ellison s late show

#25/APRIL '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It's all-American (except for Druillet's 'Dancin ' and a Proust joke) 15 entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien '

#27/JUNE '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79: Bodé s 'Zooks ' premieres Corben s 'Sindbad" concludes Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with ' New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic, Bodé more

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: 'Elric," 'Buck Rogers," a lizard named Elvis, ' and Little Red V-3 ' alongside Montellier and Moebius

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H P Lovecraft with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam others

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Let s give thanks for Corben's ' Rowlf,' Bodé s 'Zooks ' Brunner s "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination " Moebius, and more

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza Corben, Kofoed Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus Gnomes' and Giants

#34/JANUARY '80: A new year/ new decade begins with new look for *HM* with debut of 4 new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, conclusion of Corben s "Rowlf, and much more!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip

#36/MARCH '80: Why did 'The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten Bros strip! Plus Corben, Matena Moebius, and Lee Marrs s 'Good Vibrations '

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue — 32 pages of 'Champakou' in living color, final installment of Moebius s "Airtight Garage," plus Caza Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode — and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will 'Champakou ' reach the Do l of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? We'll never tell!

#39/JUNE '80: 'Champakou meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs Earth!

#40/JULY '80. "The Alchemist Supreme' continues, Axle learns truth about sidek ck Musky Bilal's "Progress" begins, and Moebius returns with 'Shore Leave

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with the 1st instalment of Salammbo while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave (and is interv ewed) Bila continues "Progress"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: 'The Alchemist Supreme' concludes while Bilal's 'Progress" picks up steam Ernie Colon Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while ' Rock Opera" gets stranger yet

#43/OCTOBER '80: Our Special Rock Issue, packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss Spain, Druillet, Yeates, Hé, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr Corben and Matena, and not to be missed!

#44/NOVEMBER '80: With the *Shogun* spirit abaze, this issue s cover by Hajime Sorayama is definitely in its element Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius Kaluta, Springett, and Bila

#45/DECEMBER '80: Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar," Crepax's 'Valentina " and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality Papa? ' Plus 'The Cutter of the Fog Rock Opera," and Moebius!

#46/JANUARY '81: Jeronaton returns with 'Woman ' Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with "Bang Hsh " Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezières, and 'Rock Opera ' Moeb us tells us " There is a Prince Charming on Phenixor!"

#47/FEBRUARY '81: William S Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense, while "The Horny Goof," an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interv ew with the man himself

#48/MARCH '81: ' Tex Arcana ' John Findley's epic Western, be-

Photography Bob Smith

gins. "What Is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* ends. Plus, Harlan Ellison's eviscerating essay on violence in America.

#49/APRIL '81: "Art and the Nazis" Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. Didn't think we could do it in one shot, did ya?

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortal's Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview. Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax and our own John Workman!

#52/JULY '81: Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor," Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup girl wraps it all up.

#53/AUGUST '81: Spinrad on the immoral Majority, the 3rd part of the Corben interview, plus a 16-page pull-out section on making the *Heavy Metal* movie.

#54/SEPTEMBER '81: Corben's "Den II," Jeff Jones's "Iman Age," Juan Giménez's "Infantrymen! Infantrymen!," and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror.

#55/OCTOBER '81: Shakespeare for Americans," 1st episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary," a gallery section devoted to Druillet, plus Jeff Jones, Bilal, and Steranko.

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#57/DECEMBER '81: Strange encounters with Debbie Harry, Jeffrey Jones, Segrelles and Corben. Plus: odd ending to "The Immortals' Fete."

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon and "The Autonomous Man" by Davis, Chudnow, and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Steranko, et al.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: Begins with a further adventure of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus: Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten, et al.

#60/MARCH '82: Our 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars, "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc. Enjoy.

#61/APRIL '82: Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: In this issue we give you the 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution," and let you look at "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: We proudly bring you our Fantastic Cities issue. With artists: Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb. All surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten and Fernandez. Enjoy.

#64/JULY '82: Marcelo and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus: Jones, Garcia, Druillet, etc.

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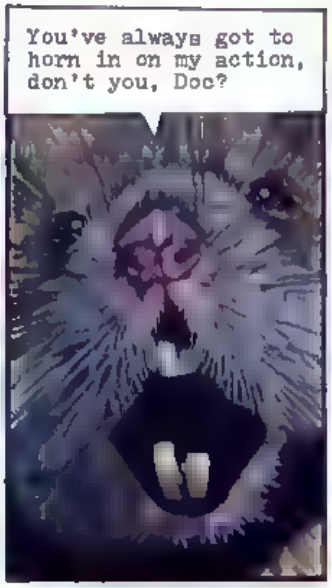
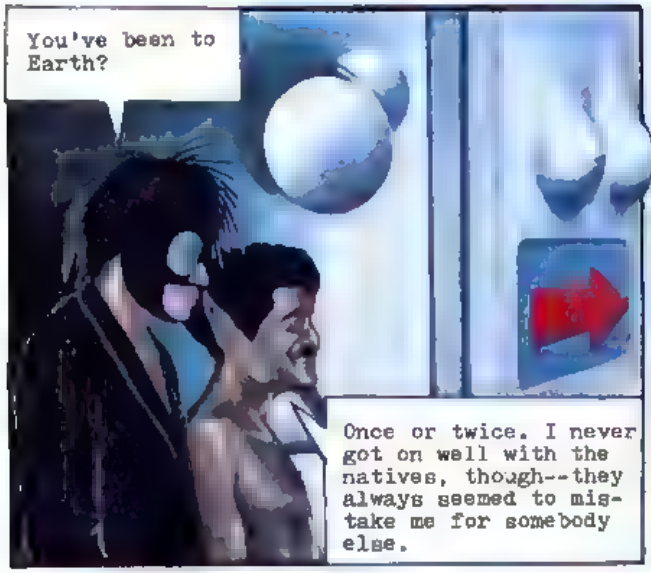
IN
"Love Craft a
sort of interstellar
Plato's Retreat for
sex-crazed monsters--
Marty had become a big
hit with his comedy
routines. And now, the
Deva had offered me
the role of costar in
an extrasensory porno
feelie he was filming,
featuring Adeline Jones,
the girl I loved...

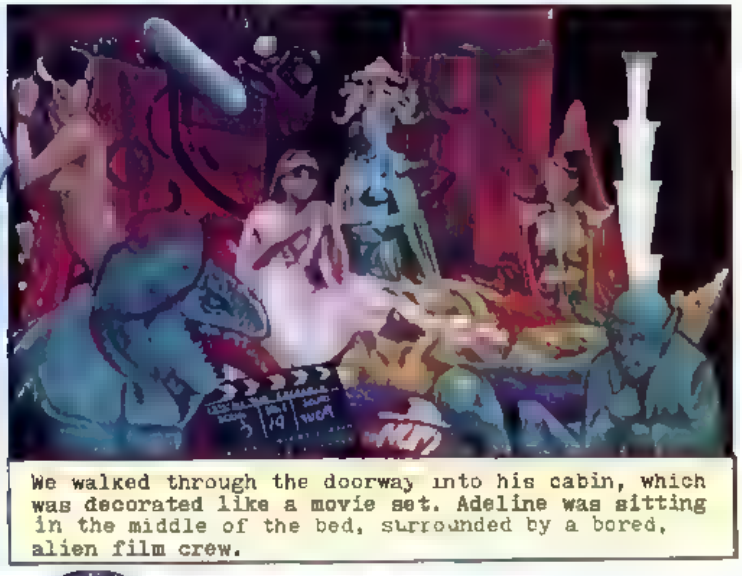
I love her, too.
I beg your pardon?
What you were saying in your voice-over--you know, about loving Adeline. Well, I love her, too...and once she led me to believe that she cared for me a little.
I don't believe you!
As Krazy Kat says, "Beauty walks with evil, and yet..."
Gosh, Sentient Gentle-being Meadows, I think you're really funny!
And I think you're some beautiful chick--why don't we get together and have some laughs?
Flowers for the fair... I think you're verrry sexy!
And I think you're some beautiful chick--why don't we--yuck!
No, don't take his flowers-take mine!
Get those stinking things out of my face! I'm a guy, do you understand?

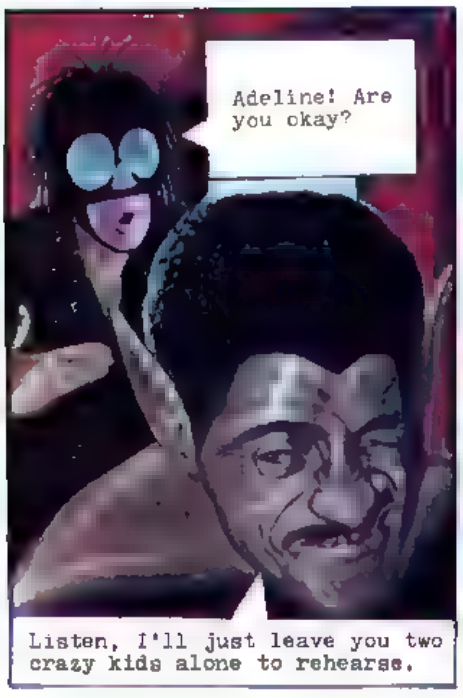
A GUY!
I like 'em kinky.


You've always got to horn in on my action, don't you, Doc?

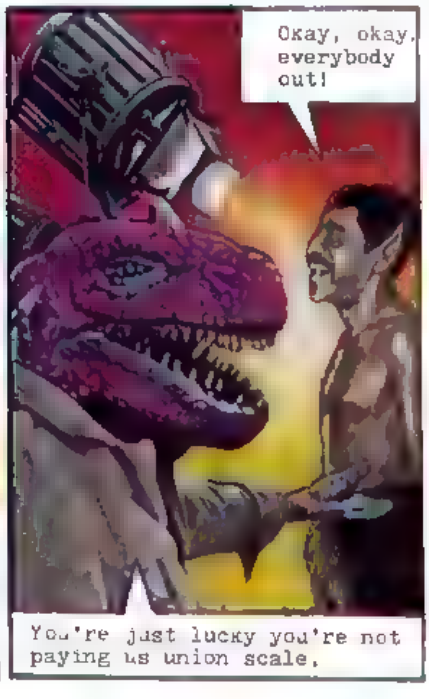
The Deva led me through twisting hallways toward his suite.
You know, I think we'll go with "Gidget Goes Galaxian" as the new title -the only thing I ever enjoyed about your miserable little planet was beach party movies.


You've been to Earth?
Once or twice. I never got on well with the natives, though--they always seemed to mistake me for somebody else.


We walked through the doorway into his cabin, which was decorated like a movie set. Adeline was sitting in the middle of the bed, surrounded by a bored, alien film crew.


Adeline! Are you okay?
Listen, I'll just leave you two crazy kids alone to rehearse.

I can't rehearse with all these things around. I just don't feel it.


Okay, okay, everybody out!
You're just lucky you're not paying us union scale.

Are they all gone? Oh, golly, I'm so glad you finally showed up. I held out until he promised to get you here to costar.
Yeah, he wants me to be Moon-doggy.
That was my idea. Look, I know it's silly, but I've never done it before--had sex, I mean--and it's just that I want the first time to be perfect. I want the first time to be with you...
It seemed to me that I'd wandered into a dream. I'd been in love with Adeline for months--for her beauty, her courage, her great soft heart...I wanted these moments to be a memory that would bind us together forever.
You've got to promise to be gentle--
Yeah, yeah, yeah...
OW! OW! Does it always hurt like that?
Hey, be careful! OW! Can't you hurry it up?
I'm trying! I'm trying!
You mean that's it? I guess I just didn't feel it...

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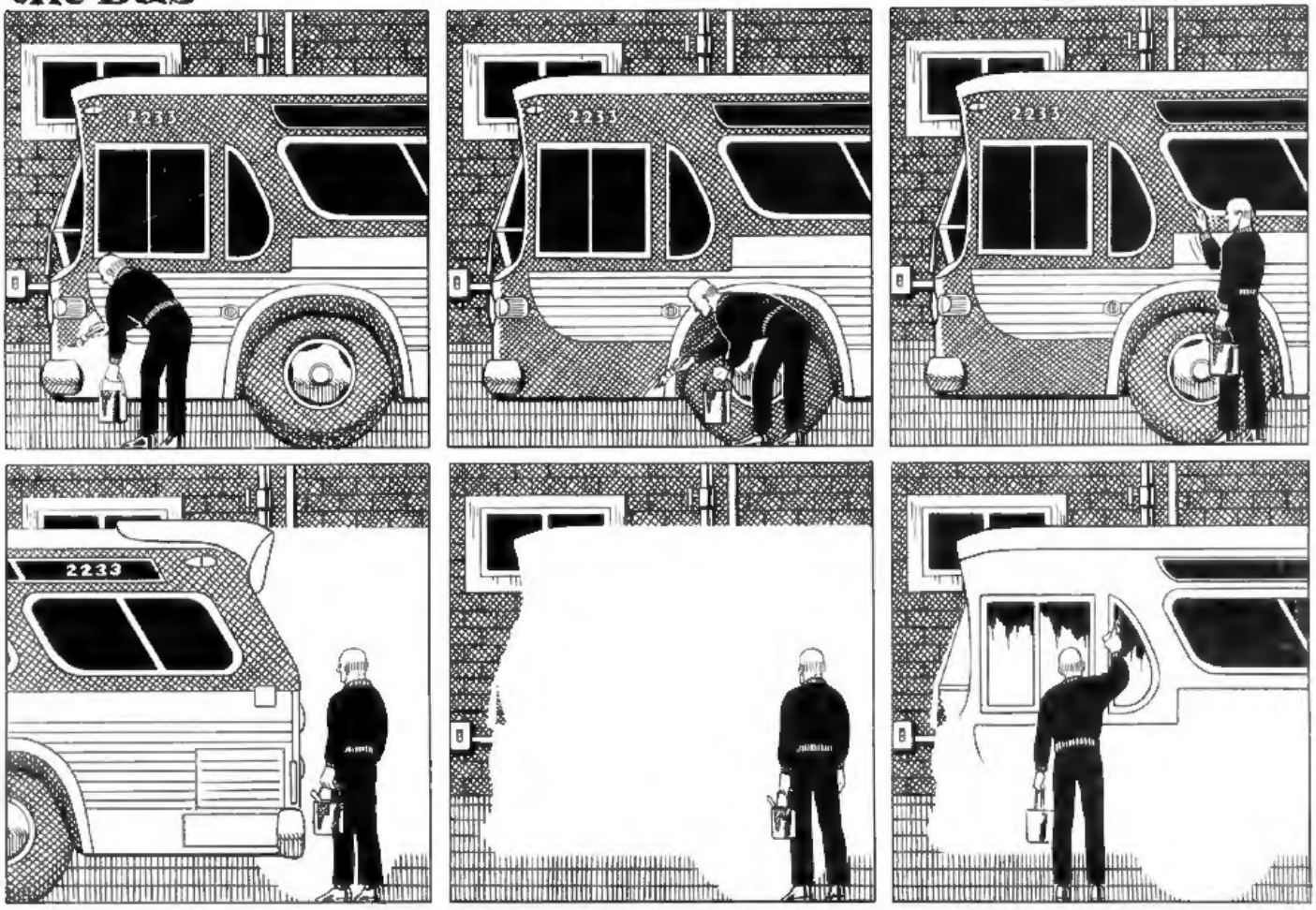
To be continued...

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©



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